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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Authentic news from Tripoli has been lacking during the week, and Sir Edward Grey insisted in the House on Thursday that this is not the time vehemently to criticise Italy's conduct of the war. There is, however, no doubt that various engagements have taken place in which the Italian troops lost heavily, and many hundreds of so-called Arab "rebels" have been slaughtered in cold blood. The Italian Premier denies officially in the most emphatic manner that there has been indiscriminate slaughter in the city of Tripoli, but, according to Italian correspondents themselves, the Oasis has been swept clear of inhabitants. There is no doubt much has happened of which we know nothing accurately, and the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary have most properly declined to say anything definite on the subject.

Whatever may actually have taken place in Tripoli, it is urgent, in the interest of the Italians, that the war should be ended speedily. They have a very serious business before them in the invasion of the interior of Tripoli, and the expenses are rapidly mounting. If the troops lose heavily by disease or in battle, discontent in Italy will soon grow serious, especially if it be accompanied by increased taxation. Admiral Aubry has gone secretly to Rome, and recommends a blockade of the Dardanelles and bombardment of Salonika. But will the Austrians tolerate this? And it will be most difficult to avoid international complications over the Dardanelles. The Young Turks must be sorry they did not spend some money on an efficient torpedo-boat flotilla, then a blockade of the Dardanelles might have been a costly experiment for Italy.

At last, the stock aphorisms about the changelessness of China seem in a fair way to be confuted. Garrison

after garrison; in many provinces, has declared sympathy with the Insurgents, and the Throne has yielded helplessly to demands by the National Assembly which leave it little more than titular dignity. Instead of being promulgated by the Emperor, the new Constitution is to be framed only after consultation with the Assembly: "A capable and virtuous person"—which means presumably a man whom the nation will approve—is to organise a responsible Cabinet from which members of the Imperial family are to be excluded; and there has been a great demission of Manchus from high office and seemingly judicious substitution of Chinese in their place. The Imperial Edict making the required concessions is abjectly apologetic and profuse in avowals of sincerity; but a better guarantee is probably afforded by the violence of the shock which has been administered and the potency of the new forces at work.

Simultaneously, Yuan Shih-kai has emerged from his retreat, and has been invested with supreme authority as Prime Minister and supreme head of the naval and military forces in the sphere of the original revolt, in Hupeh. He is said to have opened informal communications with the Insurgents in the expectation, presumably, that the drastic changes will satisfy their aspirations and avert further conflict. L'appétit, however, vient en mangeant, and there has been presented—from a military source, but with the suspected connivance of the Assembly—a series of additional demands which would invest the coming Parliament with powers that an inexperienced body could not be expected to exercise wisely. Yuan is, however, on his way to Peking, and as he is said to enjoy the confidence of both the military and the National Assembly there is ground for hope that he will be able to exercise a moderating influence and obtain control of the situation.

Few there be who can be got to interest themselves in the Portuguese Republic. But one can stop to notice, and smile, that the Republican conspiracy is splitting up. They are quarrelling amongst themselves already. The Government is not Republican enough for some other Republicans. Dr. Costa, the head of the extremists, has much weakened the bloc and is

for war to the knife with the Government. The Monarchists have only to wait their turn—and not play the fool as they have been doing—and they are certain to come into their own again. They will be back, whoever the Monarch may be.

The Insurance Bill had to face attack at its weakest point this week—the insurance, or non-insurance, of the very poor. Mr. Lloyd George may be as proud and as pleased with his Post Office scheme as he will, but the fact stands that nobody—or hardly anybody but himself—likes it at all. It is assailed by his own side, by the Opposition, by the Socialists. No sensitiveness to its general unpopularity accounted for Mr. Lloyd George's extreme tenderness, in speech, for the unhappy clause; and for his irritable intolerance of criticism. At the same time his fondness for this admirable arrangement did not prevent his sacrificing it as a permanent plan. He agreed to make it merely temporary, accepting an amendment which brought it to an end in January 1915. So better counsels prevailed in the end. It is a good thing, for after all it is just those who are least able to help themselves for whom national insurance is needed. The strong man can do well enough as it is.

We must say that the Opposition seem to be taking their work in committee on this Bill pretty easily. Not that we mind that, but we do mind their making things so easy for the Government. We all declaimed, righteously and hotly—and very justly—against the Government for applying the guillotine; but now not even the time allowed for debate is filled up. The guillotine is not even needed. The Opposition spoil their own case. Is this fighting at all? Surely there are enough speakers on the Opposition side to keep things going until the time is up. On Wednesday the House rose at nine! One can understand, of course, that sense of the impending guillotine takes all heart out of debate. Still, the Opposition should have stomach enough to make most of their shorn opportunities. They should not give up the game. Cannot our Whips see to this?

"The fight is to be a fight to the finish", says the Duke of Devonshire at Dorking. Right: we all agree. This is the spirit we want. But is action going to agree therewith? Fight to the finish is precisely and literally what the party did not do against the Parliament Bill last August under the leadership of Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne—leadership which the Duke insists on in the same speech as necessary to the party. Well, if Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne do fight to the finish, they can be sure of their following.

Everyone will be glad that Lord Robert Cecil is to return to Parliament. We give even his opponents credit for wishing to see the best men in the House, even at the cost of much soreness to themselves. Certainly no one is better able to find out their weak spot than Lord Robert. He has been very much wanted on the Opposition side. There is a certain grace, too, in his sitting for a division of his own county. He has a safe seat this time. Tariff Reformers are working hard for him; and he will have the whole strength of the party behind him. As Tariff Reformers we are not at all sorry that Lord Robert should sit for a constituency where the Unionists are nearly all strong Tariff Reformers. There can be no serious quarrel between Lord Robert and Tariff Reform now.

In the House of Lords on Thursday Lord Curzon called attention to a contemplated reduction in India of the Army and the abolition of certain offices. Especially on the Army question his speech was a measured warning to the Government not to proceed without fully realising the importance of what they were doing. He would listen to none of the favourite arguments of "economists turned loose in a military department". Lord Crewe met the speech fairly; but his undertaking that the Government would only act upon the result of an inquiry headed by Sir William Nicholson was

rather too carefully worded. This undertaking seemed a little elusive to Lord Cromer, who hoped the Government would not act first and inquire afterwards.

If the House of Lords is to be stripped—or to strip itself—of every other power, may it still reserve its custom of paying tribute worthily to its own great men! We suppose it will not be disputed that aristocracy—birth and tradition—can do this kind of thing somewhat better than raw and brute democracy; and the House of Lords is still on the whole the house of aristocrats. It paid its tribute to Lord James and to Lord Onslow with the fine feeling in which it never fails on such occasions. Lord James inspired friendship as few great men can do—or choose to do; and many people, rich and poor, feel his loss.

Nevertheless, in private life there is no denying that he was something of a despot—benevolent, still the despot. He loved to organise things at his own delightful social gatherings—and he insisted on being obeyed. He could be his own host and hostess combined. He did not hesitate to break up a party in his own drawing room on occasion, and his guests, both sexes, had to leave their cups of tea and gossip and follow his imperious lead into the garden, or to the golf links or croquet ground whether they would or no. Likewise he organised his own shooting parties with the accuracy he loved. The result was one of the most successful hosts. Lord James was an absolute "efficient" socially.

Democracy can no more found a House of Lords style than it can produce a woman like Lady Herbert of Lea. It would be a pardonable exaggeration to say of her as the poet wrote of Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:

"Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and good and learn'd as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Characters, personalities, such as Lady Herbert's belong solely to the aristocracy, we need not say the aristocracy of England, but the aristocracy of the world. Only hypocrisy or snobbishness could question this—for there is the snob who scorns birth and blood as well as the snob who worships it.

It is a pet fiction among Liberals that Mr. Asquith has none of Mr. Balfour's arts of subtlety and suppleness; and strangely enough many Conservatives, and perhaps the public at large, hold much the same view. He is represented as a blunt man, without the gift of word-jugglery. This is unfair to the Prime Minister. He is far indeed from deficient in the art and craft of his office. Note, for example, his engaging reply to Mr. Barnston, who questioned him this week about the reform of the House of Lords. Did the Prime Minister, asked Mr. Barnston, still hold to his view that this question "brooks no delay"? "Brooks no delay", Mr. Asquith replied, meant "Brooks no *avoidable* delay"! In his most tortuous moments, Mr. Gladstone rarely twisted words in a more supple way than this. "Brooks no (avoidable) delay" may mean that the reform of the House of Lords ought to be begun within the next ten years or twenty, or it may mean nothing at all.

Sir William Byles, whom one used to know better as Mr. Byles, made a jest, and the House laughed and passed on as from a trifling matter. And no doubt the word of a Prime Minister to-day, spoken for party ends, often is a trifle. If Mr. Chaplin will pardon us—we do not always believe it. Yet it is, except to cynics and to some seasoned men of Parliament, deplorable that truth should be thus economised in the interests of parties or for the comfort of Governments. If a man of his word in the ordinary affairs of life says solemnly that something "brooks no delay" he means it. Should he explain later that he only meant "brooks no avoidable delay" we feel he is falling away from the habit of truth.

The reason suggested by Captain Weigall for the ennobling of Sir Edward Strachey M.P. is entertaining and ingenious. The custom of kicking men upstairs in politics is old and well established; Privy Seal or the Duchy of Lancaster has more than once received the fortunate victims. It is sometimes explained that their valuable services are needed in counsel—so they are relieved of the drudgery of much departmental work. But Sir Edward Strachey's case would seem to be quite singular. He made a speech at Shepton Mallet in September advocating the purchase of land in great parcels by the public authorities. He wanted the public to buy and let to farmers even fifty-acre farms! Mr. Asquith was asked about this in the House on Tuesday, and carefully washed his hands of the policy—Sir Edward Strachey, he declared, was only speaking for himself. It is an odd coincidence, as Captain Weigall pointed out, that soon after making this wild-man speech Sir Edward Strachey should be "sent down"—or, if he prefer it so, sent up.

But what really is the land policy of the Government? We have never been able to get at it. Is it, or is it not, strongly opposed to small farmers—or large farmers—being their own landlords? The Conservative land policy has been quite clearly set out by the leaders and the rank and file. Mr. Balfour has stated it in the simplest, straightest words. Small ownership—and plenty of it—is the Conservative line. Conservatives do not wish the farmer, small or large, to be teased and tantalised by the local authority—which is in the nature of things a heartless body. Apparently the Prime Minister is trying to sit at ease on the barbed-wire fence somewhere midway between Sir Edward Strachey and Mr. Balfour.

Mr. Peel wanted to know of the Government on Wednesday why Mr. Harper had been appointed to his post as Chief Valuer in the Parliamentary recess. As might have been expected, it was yet another of those happy accidents which have happened to Mr. Harper so steadfastly from the moment of his resignation from the L.C.C. Mr. Harper, it seems, was appointed in the recess, because the post happened to fall vacant in September. Mr. Peel wondered why Mr. Harper's predecessor could not have retired more conveniently for the House. To this Mr. Wood answered in effect: "Because that would not have been convenient for the Government". We may now in its fulness realise the good fortune of Mr. Harper. He retires without *arrière pensée* into private life just in time to step into a Government appointment; and then, since critics are unreasonable and malicious, his good luck will have it that the appointment falls vacant when Parliament is away from Westminster. And Mr. E. Soares was, in a like manner, fortunate. Another extraordinary accident!

The results of the Municipal Elections have been made an occasion of triumph in one or two Radical newspapers. Liberals and Radicals between them have made over a hundred gains; Unionists not more than forty. But does anyone believe that Municipal Elections are fought on the greater political issues? This is not so, even in London. The assumption that two "Radical gains" in Gillingham shows that the country is in favour of Home Rule and Disestablishment is extremely innocent, or extremely smart. We are glad to note that in Birmingham this year there has been an honest attempt to break with the absurd assumption that the greater politics count in these contests.

The naval training scheme is on the eve of a breakdown. The Marines have already been withdrawn from it in that Marine officers who do not go through the training at Osborne are to be re-entered at from seventeen to eighteen years of age. The engineering section also threatens to break down since scarcely any of the midshipmen will come forward to volunteer for the engineering branch. Now also we know that the attempt to cram in too much knowledge has resulted in so defective a training that there have been whole-

sale rejections at the examinations, and the Admiralty solution is to try to bring pressure to bear on the examiners to lower the standard.

When the Cawdor Memorandum on the Navy was issued, just six years ago, the Admiralty took particular pride in that only the latest ships were to be maintained in commission, stating that it was a waste of money to keep obsolete ships with full crews on board. The older ships were to have nucleus crews on board, so called from the nucleus, like a skeleton battalion, forming a body of men fully versed in their work and capable of guiding the rest of the men, coming in when brought up to full complement, quickly and quietly into their work ready for fighting. This policy appears to have been reversed in important particulars by the Radical Government in the name of economy. It is bad enough to have ships of any kind counted on in war which have only part complements, but the Admiralty have now actually put some of the latest pre-Dreadnoughts or ships of the King Edward VII. class into this category. They are very difficult ships to work, having many types of guns on board.

Strangely enough the most prominent notice of a very curious Parliamentary return, concerning the Territorial Army, has appeared in a leading Radical paper. Whilst Lord Haldane repeats to us ad nauseam that the Territorial force is progressing and becoming popular, the return presented by Mr. Sealy shows a different result. In 1910, 1382 officers and 19,791 men were absent with leave from their annual training, and forty-four officers and 4778 men without leave. One would have imagined that this was bad enough. But in the present year these sinister figures have increased materially. Then we find 1450 officers and 25,317 men absent with leave, and forty-one and 6703 without. Other figures which are presented, such as 1011 officers and 75,523 men who only performed half of their training—eight days—provide food for thought. But these are nothing compared to the earlier figures we have quoted. Yet in the face of them, Lord Haldane has the audacity to tell us that he is satisfied with the progress of his pet fad. The ordinary man would regard it as a house of cards, which appears already in grievous danger of tumbling down.

The memorial to Sir Redvers Buller in Winchester Cathedral, and the ceremony of its unveiling, stirs mixed feelings. In his own parish church in the West Country an imposing monument would have been quite fitting. He was a gallant soldier, and figured on a big stage. But to place him amongst the great ones in Winchester Cathedral was certainly not kind to him. And why in Winchester at all? True, Winchester is the depot of the regiment to which Buller once belonged. But since 1873, when he escaped service on the Staff in Ashanti, he never served with his regiment or at Winchester. Slenderer local connexion could hardly be. Shall we be entirely wrong if we suggest that this memorial is hardly as much a commemoration of Buller as a friends' and admirers' protest against his treatment in South Africa and afterwards? Is it as much a monument of Buller's greatness as of another's smallness?

It is not creditable to Mr. McKenna that he should have treated so cavalierly Sir William Ramsay's speculations about the exhaustion of our coal supplies. Instead of agreeing with Sir William's views, at least to the extent of admitting and desiring to reduce the waste, he cavils about the untouched supplies of coal below the present profitable working level. Sir William, in reply, shows that, granting these possible supplies, the practical exhaustion at the present rate of use is only put off from a hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and seventy-five years. Dr. Buckland, eighty years ago, first hinted the danger, Professor Jevons later treated it formally. Sir William Ramsay again reminds the nation that the danger is real, though Mr. McKenna is too short-sighted to appreciate it. Sir William now rather modifies, we think, his British Association pro-

posals. We suggested at the time they involved impossible interference with property and industry. Now he asks for a Standing Commission to keep an eye on all the sources of waste, and do everything possible to introduce scientific economies.

The Great Western and the London and North Western Railways have announced their intention to make advances of wages amongst the men in some of the lower grades. This and some other concessions are reckoned in the first case to cost some £78,000, in the second £80,000 a year. The Companies by so doing lay themselves open to the remark, that this is a tardy admission of some of the men's claims which would have had a better moral effect if made before, instead of after, the first strike and with a second strike threatened. The admission will probably be used against them by the men and their answer will be that it is impossible in the situation of the Companies to grant more. It is certainly a small part of the men's demands; and even in the grades advanced falls considerably short of the wages that are claimed.

These claims, which would require some millions to satisfy, are to be submitted to the Companies by the four railway unions, and they have been made while their Executive Committee has been sitting in London to decide about the Commission's Report. Acceptance of the Report simply, or with such modifications as the Companies would agree to, would bring these or similar claims before the Conciliation Boards, but the most sanguine could hardly expect them to be fully gained. If either the Executive or the Companies prevent the Report coming into operation the new scale, plus full recognition of the Unions, would be the basis for a new strike which might be averted supposing the Companies were prepared to accept a modification of the Report by granting recognition.

The taxi men have long been plaintive about the difficulty of making a living from their cabs. A general strike is now definitely threatened. The old way out for the men was in a liberal interpretation of the doctrine of extras. The companies officially claimed the extras; but it was usual for the driver quietly to pocket them. The taximeter is useless as a check, and the companies have lately been shadowing the drivers in order to convict them of defalcation. The men retort by claiming the extras outright as their perquisite.

"Wanted, for Reinhardt's great production of 'The Miracle' at Olympia in December, one hundred clean old gentlemen with long grey or white beards, and one hundred with bald heads. Apply personally etc." Realism in art, with a vengeance! We hear that the offered wage for suitable candidates is thirty shillings a week, and that the engagements are to last for eight weeks. One would have predicted a tremendous rush for the two hundred vacancies; but apparently there has been nothing of the kind. The advertisement might have been more tactfully worded. Taking a job offered in the terms of this advertisement would put one into that class of employment which John Stuart Mill describes in his "Political Economy" as highly paid because of the circumstances of ignominy attaching to it.

Mr. Pulitzer was a commanding genius in a department of American life where there are few mediocrits—the newspaper. He seems, too, to have had more education and taste than one finds or expects to find among American journalists. Yet the truth really should not be slurred over—as it has been in several papers—that he flourished largely through the kind of personal journalism which is one of the most odious things in American life. He allowed his readers to be well informed about private scandals in "high life" in this country and elsewhere. He was not perhaps one of the yellowest newspaper men in the States. But certainly one never heard or imagined that he set his face against the hateful intrusiveness of American press methods.

ITALY AND HER CRITICS.

WHAT is the real state of affairs in Tripoli? There has never been a war waged so near to Europe of which so little has been accurately known. It would not be fair to blame the Italian authorities for warning off war correspondents. In this they are only imitating the Japanese, but Manchuria and Tripoli stand very differently in respect to Europe geographically, and reports so widely contradictory have rarely assailed the ears of the public. It is obviously untrue that the Italians have been swept out of Tripoli, have lost all their guns and thousands of men, but is it not extremely probable that they have met with reverses? We know they have lost heavily in several engagements. There can also be no doubt that 90,000 reservists have been called out to take the place of men engaged in Tripoli or about to be sent there. We also learn from perfectly trustworthy Italian sources that soon there will be 100,000 men engaged in Tripoli on active service.

Therefore we have quite enough undisputed facts before us to know that Italy is not upon a military promenade. At present it is admitted that the invaders are unable to achieve anything out of range of the ships' guns. An expedition into the interior in force will be an undertaking of the most serious character. Let anyone call to mind what it meant to convey a much smaller force up the Nile Valley with a great river beside the line of march. As we have always pointed out, the mere occupation of the coast towns means nothing. The troubles of the invader begin when he marches into the hinterland and tries to "rope in" the elusive Arab. It is certain the Arab paid no willing allegiance to the Turk. He will be less inclined to obey the infidel. The Italian policy of terrorising by massacre is a dangerous one, the fruits of which we have yet to see. Here again we meet with accounts directly contradictory. We take due note of the denials of Signor Giolitti, but it is difficult to ignore altogether the "Times" correspondent's circumstantial account of the massacre of more than 4000 Arabs in cold blood, including women and children. Very few people in this country take the trouble to study Italian newspapers. Doubtless, as a rule, they are wise, but, if they did look at these journals they would be rewarded at the present time by some very instructive reading. The "Tribuna", which is credited with being at least a "semi-official" journal, has been entertaining its readers with very full and picturesque accounts of the "punishment" of the Arabs in the Oasis, stigmatised as "I traditori dell' oasi". Here is the description given by the correspondent of that journal of the appearance of the locality after the "punishment" in question: "A field of filth and slaughter" he calls it, and he goes on to say, "by the fire of our men almost all the inhabitants of the Oasis have been destroyed. Every garden has become a cemetery or a great burial pit". As this is the description given by a Government journal of 30 October, foreigners may be forgiven if they place some reliance on the evidence of the "Times" correspondent. It would seem as if even the Italian journalist thought that his countrymen required some apology, for in the same paper's issue of 27 October appeared a long and most venomous attack on British policy in the Transvaal War. The attempt was, of course, to prove that Lord Roberts had had Boers shot in cold blood, as the Italians had massacred the Arabs of the Oasis. Nothing analogous, of course, ever did happen in the Transvaal. The Proclamations may have been unwise, but they were not enforced in this particular. We can only wonder that an Italian official paper thinks it wise thus to libel their best friends. English journals have by no means been foremost in attacking Italy; on the whole they have displayed marked restraint of language and comment throughout, in contrast perhaps to the violent tone of her allies. Italy will be foolish if she carries on a campaign of vilification against England in order to cloak the misdeeds or blunders of her own army.

But there must be some reason for the irritation now becoming marked in the Italian press, for the hurried visit of Admiral Aubrey to Rome and for the calling up

of vast bodies of reserves. German and Austrian journals are extraordinarily malicious, not inexplicably so, and openly charge the Italian troops with attacks of nerves and panic. This is quite possible, for thousands of them are absolutely raw youths from the country. In this connexion we must quote one more delightful sentence from the "Tribuna": "Fortunately we are a people of well-balanced mind, and know how to hold our nerves in leash and moderate the flow of blood in our veins". This will prove a very useful quality when the recruits get to grips with the fanatics of the desert, out of range of the big guns of the men-of-war. But the tall talk and abuse of a very friendly nation to which we have referred can only be explained by the fact that the Italian public is slowly awakening to the reality of the Tripoli affair, and what it really means to conquer a desert country without supplies and haunted by an elusive and fanatical enemy. It is stated that the war has already cost Italy about £20,000,000, and this is probably within the mark. Every day campaigning continues will add greatly to the strain, because Tripoli is not a country where war can pay for itself, or where the inhabitants can be made or induced to furnish supplies. On the contrary, everything must be shipped there and carried with them by the troops. This is altogether apart from the question of water, which is likely to be a serious one. According to a correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette", the soldiers only carry half a litre with them, and are most inappropriately clothed, being habited in heavy suits quite unfitted for the climate in which they are campaigning. These details which have at length made their way to the British reader help us to form some forecast as to the difficulties really ahead of the Italians. It is also stated that the men are not restrained from drinking tainted water. We are not allowed to know anything of the present sanitary condition of the Italian army. It is hardly likely to be favourable for prolonged operations.

Drawing deductions, therefore, from the little that has already leaked out and is obviously trustworthy, we may assume that it is to the interest of the Italians to bring the war to as speedy a conclusion as possible. The hurried purchase of large quantities of Welsh coal implies extensive naval operations in contemplation, and these can only be carried on in the Ægean, as the Ionian Sea and the Adriatic may be taken to be *mare clausum*, owing to Austrian susceptibilities. It is not easy to see how naval operations off the coast of Asia are going to bring Turkey to her knees. A bombardment of Smyrna would do more harm to Greek, German and other foreign merchants than to the Turks, and even the seizure of its revenues will not by any means of itself finally overcome the Porte. The Turkish fleet may decline to leave the Bosphorus, and the Turkish army cannot get at the Italians, fortunately for them. It is a very obscure situation, and at present looks like stalemate. But time is on the side of the Turks. Every day makes the situation of the Italian troops more trying. Disease may at any moment break out in a devastating form, more troops are arriving and will have to be fed, and the state of the invaders' nerves will not improve. The adventures of M. Kann, the correspondent of the "Figaro", at Benghazi are worth reading. After obtaining leave from the Admiral in command to proceed thither, he was suddenly deported, grossly insulted by Italian sailors, as an "assassin" and "traitor", his correspondence opened and his private telegrams, on his arrival in Italy, delayed. And all this, as he adds, not long after "the Italian Government had notified the Porte that they were about to introduce civilisation into Tripoli".

The Italian authorities therefore have little right to complain if wild stories get afloat concerning their position in Tripoli and their conduct of the campaign. It is significant that their allies most greedily swallow these unauthenticated legends of disaster. The more the existing condition of affairs is prolonged the greater the danger of trouble elsewhere, and the more annoying it is for everyone. The graver, too, will be the irritation aroused among the other Powers. We may expect to

see that unamiable sentiment, "Schadenfreude", still more widely developed in Germany and Austria. But this is only a symptom. Italy will be well advised to speak with civility and moderation so far as her friends are concerned. It may well be that none of us are justified in assuming a tone of very precise morality in questions of aggression. We cannot, however, be expected in the circumstances to sympathise very indulgently with Italian difficulties. There never was a case in which sympathy was less deserved. If Italy has chosen to celebrate her jubilee as a nation in this fashion it is her business. She cannot, however, expect the rest of the world to approve it, or justly resent fair criticism.

THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA.

IT is customary for the Emperor to accept responsibility in presence of national disaster; but edicts to that effect are usually admissions of general remissness which has entailed floods, drought, or other manifestations of Heaven's displeasure. An edict issued on the 30 October is of a widely different character. It would be pathetic did we not remember that the putative author has not only had no part in the errors he recants, but is still too young to understand a word that he is supposed to be uttering. We are accustomed to see the pendulum swing, at Peking, in obedience to impulse of the party in power. Fifteen years ago the Emperor Kwang Su was made to recant, at the behest of the Empress Dowager and her Reactionary allies, the Reform Edicts which he had issued at the instance of Kang Yu-wei and his friends. That phase ended with the Boxers and the Siege of the Legations and a subsequent re-inculcation of many of the Reforms so vehemently denounced. That was the period of the rise of Yuan Shih-kai, who had co-operated with the Yangtze Viceroys by suppressing Boxerdom as Governor of Shangtung, was promoted to be Viceroy of Chih-le and had been summoned as a Minister to Peking. Then the kaleidoscope turned again. Scarcely was the Empress dead when, from personal motives connected with the part he had played in '98, Yuan was curtly dismissed from office by a Decree declaring him incapacitated by an apocryphal malady of the foot; and again the Manchu element regained influence and power. The course of politics during the ensuing eighteen months is indicated by the apology which has just been uttered in the Emperor's name: "I have not employed men properly, not having political skill. I have employed too many nobles in political positions, which contravenes Constitutionalism. On railway matters one whom I trusted deceived me, and thus public opinion was opposed. When I urge reforms the officials and gentry take the opportunity to embezzle. . . . Much of the people's money has been taken, but nothing to benefit the people has been achieved. . . ." The rising in Szechuen, the rebellion at Wuchang, the unrest at Canton and in Kiangse and reports of trouble from Shense and Honan are recapitulated. In short, "the whole Empire is bubbling like a cauldron: the minds of the people are perturbed". All this is his fault, and he swears to reform and carry out the Constitution in future, in accordance with the wishes and interests of the people.

In order to appreciate the completeness of this surrender, we must remember that the appointment of Manchu princes and nobles to great offices of State has inspired protests which culminated on evidence of purpose to appoint a Prince of the Blood to be head of the Cabinet. Yuan Shih-kai has now been appointed to that position, and indications of the new influences at work are given in the substitution of a Chinese, Li Chia-chu, for a Manchu as President of the National Assembly, of another Chinese, Chao Ping-chun, for a Manchu as Minister of the Interior, and of Tang Shao-yi to be Minister of Communications in succession to Sheng Hsuan-hai. These men are Yuan's friends; but his personal triumph is greater still. The first Decree recalling him to office ordered him to assume the Viceroyalty of Wuchang as curtly as he had been dismissed. But he adventured the obvious retort: the

malady in his foot was still uncured! The cure depended, evidently, on compliance with his terms; and those terms included his appointment to supreme control over the military and naval forces in the sphere of the Hupeh rebellion—a commission wider than has been given to any Chinese subject since the great suppressor of the Taiping Rebellion, Tseng Kwo-fan. The rise and fall and resuscitation of Chinese officials may, under ordinary circumstances, be compared with the vicissitudes of party leaders in the West. Appointment implies little security of tenure, and dismissal does not preclude reinstatement; but it is seldom that one who has been curtly dismissed scores so overwhelmingly in the return match as Yuan Shih-kai, and rarely that the Throne has to make so humiliating a volte-face. For though the appointments may be made at the instance of Yuan Shih-kai, the edict we have quoted and others are issued in response to memorials from the National Assembly backed by the refusal of the General of brigade in Chih-le to march until assent had been given. It is significant of the temper in which the Assembly returned to Peking, a week ago, that one of its first acts should be to make such sweeping demands as (1) that a Constitution should be framed only in consultation with it; (2) the exclusion from the Cabinet of members of the Imperial family, and (3) an amnesty to political offenders—which would include, presumably, Sun Yat-sen and Kang Yu-wei. And it is significant of "The Throne's" estimate of the situation, that it should have promptly acquiesced.

The question of immediate interest now is what course Yuan Shih-kai will pursue. He will probably proceed by sap rather than by assault—by negotiation rather than by force; indeed, communications are said to be already passing between him and the insurgent commander, who is a former subordinate of his. The "orderly extension" of the insurrection seems likely, indeed, to surpass any ostensible means for its repression. Chang-sha, the capital of Hunan, had declared its sympathy with Wuchang, the capital of its sister province, Hupeh, last week. The garrisons of Taiyuen, the capital of Shanse; of Tsinan, the capital of Shantung; and of Pao-ting, the capital and military headquarters of Chihli, are now said to have copied the example, and Kaifeng, the capital of Honan (the native province of Yuan Shih-kai), is expected to follow. The disarmed soldiers at Nanking are demanding back their arms—it is presumed with similar intent—and Canton seems to have declared itself independent! It is unlikely that the Government can dispose of sufficient forces to make head in these several directions at once; and the menace to communications implied by the revolt at Taiyuen must increase its anxiety, for Taiyuen is the terminus of a branch which joins the Peking-Hankow trunk line at Chengting; so that the presence of insurgents at Pao-ting and Chengting would mean isolation of the Imperialists at Hankow. Fighting seems to continue in the meantime with varying success at that storm centre where the Imperialists recovered, but are said to have again lost, the railway station, and to be in disputed occupation of Hankow.

All this happened before Yuan came on the scene, for it was not till the 31st that he was expected to reach General Yin Chang's headquarters at Sinyuanchow, and we wait with interest to see what will follow. One of his early achievements was the organisation of an effective force with which he was popular because he looked after it and took care that it was regularly paid; but he professes that its efficiency has been undermined by mismanagement during his retreat! That he will endeavour, at any rate, to negotiate on the basis of the concessions which the Throne has now tardily made may be assumed. He is no more enamoured, probably, of the Manchu dynasty than others of his countrymen, but it represents ordered Government, whereas extension of civil war would be accompanied by dangers internal and external from which an experienced statesman may well shrink. Civil war in China has always meant in the past, and would probably mean again, aggravation of the ruthlessness already ascribed to the Imperialist troops around Hankow. Civil war ending in ascend-

ancy of the Republican partisans might mean a break up of China into independent provinces, after the example that has apparently been set at Canton; while the gain from civil war ending in the substitution of a new dynasty for the Manchus might hardly be commensurate with the price that would have to be paid. For it may probably be assumed—so far as anything can be safely assumed about China—that the old Manchu régime has this time been effectually scotched. How far the Chinese will succeed in reforming the corruption and maladministration which characterise the bureaucratic system may be matter of doubt. That intrigue and speculation will be altogether banished from high places is unlikely. But that the worst evils of the "Palace" system and its eunuchs with their unbridled avarice and enervating influence will be now remedied we may hope; and if the moderate Reformers can feel that assurance Yuan will probably have them on his side. The potentialities of the situation as regards foreign interests would command more attention probably, if Near Eastern contingencies did not loom nearer to our hand. Foreign interests permeate China more widely than at the time of the Taiping Rebellion half a century ago. Commercial and financial interests would be affected accordingly, and international rivalries on a larger scale than those involved in the Balkans might be awakened. The opportunities offered, in the confusion, of converting interests into occupation would be great, with risks from clashing interests and conflict with advocates of Chinese integrity equally great. Imperialists and insurgents have been careful, so far, to proclaim regard for the safety and interests of foreigners in the present and in the event. But if fighting continued and extended the followers on either side might get out of hand, and it might even happen that the Dynasty would plead such excesses as an excuse for inviting foreign intervention, with all its risks, on their behalf.

LORD HALDANE AND THE "TIMES."

UNCONVENTIONALITY in the conduct of official business has been a distinguishing feature of the present Government. But we doubt whether any of his colleagues—even Mr. George or Mr. Churchill—have gone quite so far as Lord Haldane. He has practically created a new department of the War Office; and has installed, as editor of the new magazine which the War Office presents to the public, the "Military Correspondent" of the "Times". Not only is this a new departure in official life; it is a journalistic feat which Delane and other out-of-date editors would never have dreamt of in their wildest moments. No one, of course, blames the "Times" or Colonel Repington for achieving so supreme a journalistic coup. To them it is only business, and they would be fools if they did not take advantage of the unique opportunity a great department of State places before them. We understand that Colonel Repington has the run of the War Office and access to all its intricacies and secrets. Thus Lord Haldane gains command of what, at any rate, used to be the most powerful organ of the Press; and is consequently enabled to use it for the purpose of belauding his scheme, and presenting its leading characteristics to the public in their most engaging form. We have no hesitation in saying that this is a more cynical abuse of power than any great political official has ever perpetrated in this country—or probably in any other. Colonel Repington is, of course, well known as one of the ablest military writers of the day; and, as his services have virtually been subsidised by the War Office, it is clear that the Army Council possess an unusually favourable means of advocating their views, and the desirability of the policy they are pleased to adopt. But Colonel Repington, although an experienced and able soldier, is, after all, a retired officer and now a pressman; and to allow such an individual, however trustworthy, to occupy what amounts to an official position at the War Office is an innovation which is an outrage on all our preconceived notions as to how the business of a Government should be conducted.

In the present case it is probable that no very great harm may be done. Colonel Repington can be trusted not to take any undue advantage of the altogether abnormal position he occupies with regard to the War Office. But were the principle to become general, or even extended, it is obvious that incalculable harm might result to the interests of the country if a less scrupulous man were placed in an equally favourable position to acquire official knowledge of what is going on or projected, whilst still being irresponsible in the official sense. Indeed, it is possible that, within the last few days, we have had an example of what might happen were this system to become general. A series of very trenchant and interesting articles has appeared in the "Times" on the state of efficiency of the German Army; whether by Colonel Repington or another we know not. In effect we have been told that the German Army has been resting on its laurels during the last forty years, and that a future Jena may once again prove it to be hopelessly out of date. This may be true. A similar awakening has again and again taken place in history. But these diatribes against German efficiency will not help to establish cordial relations between the two countries, and they happen to fall in very aptly with Lord Haldane's very optimistic utterances on the efficiency and readiness for war not only of the Regular Army, which all admit, but also of the Territorial Force. The danger, even in this instance, is manifest. It is calculated to make the public less apprehensive of the German danger, and more resigned to the very inadequate arrangements which the Government has made towards meeting a really great national crisis. In the Army these points have been much noticed and discussed of late, and it is time that they should be laid before the public. Members of Parliament could, it is true, give them publicity, but they are under a certain disadvantage. The Parliamentarian who wishes to succeed thinks twice before he attacks the "Times". An authoritative organ of the daily Press has certain disciplinary powers over Members of Parliament which it is not altogether wise to ignore.

THE CITY.

A STOCK EXCHANGE holiday in the middle of a week usually has the effect of reducing the markets to a state of inanition. This week has been a noteworthy exception. On Tuesday afternoon some departments wore a tired appearance, but on Thursday they seemed to have benefited from the day's rest, the tone being cheerful although business was on a small scale. The monetary outlook has improved, and the belief is now becoming general that the Bank rate of 4 per cent. will suffice for the needs of the present year.

The outstanding feature of the markets has been the sharp fluctuations in London General Omnibus stock, first on account of an unfounded rumour of a guaranteed 10 per cent. dividend, and later on the confirmation of news that negotiations between the Metropolitan District Railway, the London Electric Railways, and the Omnibus Company are in progress. The discussion of the terms understood to be under consideration has emphasised the greatly improved position of the Omnibus Company, and the stock has had another rise despite the facts that the market does not like the idea of the suggested amalgamation and that the terms said to have been offered by the Underground group do not err on the side of generosity toward the Omnibus stockholders. Conservative opinion is that the rise has gone quite far enough.

The Home Railway section has been dominated by the labour situation. The unfavourable reception by the men's representatives of the Railway Commission's findings and of the handsome concessions in wages made by the Great Western and the North Western lines had a temporarily depressing effect; but good buying set in when it was learned that the railwaymen's executive had been unable to come to an agreement. This was

accepted as evidence that pacific counsels were prevailing. The question is, at what cost will peace be secured? The railway companies have to face higher wages, the expense of the national insurance scheme and dearer coal. To counteract these influences they may anticipate advantages from working agreements, from labour-saving appliances, and possibly from increased rates if Parliament permits. At the same time traffic returns continue excellent, and as long as trade remains good, dividends should be easily maintained.

A new bull movement has been inaugurated in Wall Street, and current news affecting quotations is calculated to discourage immediate bear attacks. The Steel Corporation's earnings for the September quarter were unexpectedly good, and trade advices suggest that big orders for railway equipment cannot long be delayed. These factors have offset the effect of the Government's determination to take action for the dissolution of the Steel Trust. A renewal of demand from Berlin for Canadian Pacifics accompanied by good local support has caused a conspicuous improvement, although the company's working statement for September, showing an increase of \$734,000 in gross earnings, and one of only \$6000 in net receipts, was hardly satisfactory. Grand Trunk securities advanced sympathetically, but in their case the rise has been modified.

In the Foreign Railway department the Argentine roads have received chief attention, Entre Rios issues being in good request. Leopoldina stock has improved on rumours that terms have been arranged with the Government in regard to the unfair competition of the State-owned Central line. This has been officially denied, and, as the Brazilian Congress will not meet before March next, it is highly improbable that anything will be arranged for some months. Meanwhile the dividend is more likely to be reduced than increased.

The tendency of the Mining Markets on the whole has been relatively firm. The Consolidated Goldfields report created a good impression; but Kaffirs are never free from depressing influences nowadays: the Randfontein group has been heavy under Cape selling accompanied by rumours that the Central Company's mill is not working satisfactorily. The formation of a new mining company by the Chartered Company has given satisfaction in the Rhodesian section as evidence that the Chartered people intend to identify themselves more closely with the mining industry. The title of the new company—British South Africa Company's Mines Development Company Ltd.—is, however, not a model of terseness.

As regards Rubbers, the latest auction sales have done nothing to encourage buyers, and, as dealers are at present unwilling to take shares, a little selling easily depresses quotations. Oil shares remain dull. The declaration of the first Maikop dividend of 10 per cent. on Maikop Victory (partly paid) shares scarcely caused a ripple in the market.

THE MEMBER'S SALARY.

By ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

WHO pulls the strings of the Tory Party? Is it Bunty or Mr. Balfour? I ask this question in no spirit of flippancy; but because it does seem as if the Tory party never could act simultaneously and unitedly in any direction. Take the question of the payment of members. Mr. Arthur Lee's method of returning his quarterly cheques to the Paymaster-General may be right. Or Mr. Arthur Balfour's method of pocketing the cheques and saying nothing about it may be right. Or Mr. Laurence Hardy's method of sending his cheques to the Central Conservative Office for the assistance of impecunious Tories may be right. Or Mr. Fred Hall's method of applying his cheques to the registration expenses in Dulwich may be right. Or Mr. Somebody Else's method of distributing his cheques amongst the charitable institutions in his constituency may be right. Any one of these methods of handling public money,

which is thrust into your hand against your will, may be right: but they cannot all be right. And it is most important, with a view to future action, that the Tories should all do the right thing, and all do it together. It is a well-known story that when the Melbourne Cabinet were discussing in 1841 whether there should be a fixed duty on corn or a sliding scale, Lord Melbourne put his back to the door and said, "Now which is it to be? It doesn't matter a damn which it is, provided we all say the same thing". The wisdom of that genial philosopher was sound. It is best, of course, to be right; but, as being right is generally an accident, the next best thing is to be decided and (for a political party) to be unanimous. I remember that when I went to read law in the chambers of the present Lord Chancellor, he used to tell me that in writing an opinion the important thing was to be clear and decided. Now clearness and decision are the two qualities which are conspicuous by their absence from the councils of the Tory party at present, and have been absent, unfortunately, for many years. Take for another instance the conduct of the Tory party on the Parliament Bill. Lord Lansdowne's advice to abstain from voting on the third reading was excellent, provided everybody followed it. But the moment it became apparent that everybody would not follow it, then Lord Lansdowne, instead of peering through a glass door with Lords Curzon and Midleton, should have induced all the Tory peers either to vote against or for the Bill. A paralysis of judgment appears to have crept over the party of late years, and every man seems to do that which is right in his own eyes. That is why I ask who pulls the Tory strings? It can hardly be Mr. Balfour, for he "gangs his own gate". If it is Bunty, then I want to know who is Bunty? or rather, which Bunty now pulls? There used to be one Bunty at the Central Office in Bridge Street, and another Bunty in the Whips' room in the House of Commons. But, as they pulled in different directions, we have changed all that; and now there are four or five Bunties—one in the House of Lords, one in the House of Commons (also a Lord), and at least three plebeian Bunties in Bridge Street, or on the Embankment, for I believe they have changed the headquarters of Buntysdom. Which of these Bunties is responsible for the muddle of the members' salaries? For muddle it is, and responsibility must clearly be brought home to someone. I speak with bated breath, but is it possible that the brand-new Bunty of Birmingham is responsible for this mess? But no: I recollect: he wrote, or said, that Mr. Balfour was going to pocket his salary, but that other people could do as they liked. Exactly so: that's just the weakness of the party: this is the result of uncontrolled Buntysm.

Personally, I think Mr. Balfour has done exactly the right thing. About Mr. Lee's return of the cheque, and his announcement of the fact in the newspapers, there is a Pharisaical "Thank God, I am not as these Liberals and Labourites", which is offensive. I am sure Mr. Lee did not mean that, but it looks like it. There is also an appearance of informing the world that "I am so well-off that £400 a year is a matter of no moment". Of course, Mr. Lee meant neither of these two things: he merely wished to proclaim his repudiation of the principle that members of Parliament should be paid a salary. But he did it in what I venture to say was a most unfortunate manner. The same criticism applies to those Conservative members who have announced in the newspapers that they are going to devote their salaries to public objects. There is something of priggishness and something, I must add, of vulgarity in thus proclaiming, *urbi et orbi*, that a salary, which has been voted by Parliament, is an accursed thing, which others may soil their hands with if they choose, but which I, the member for Pedlington, will devote to public objects. Nobody can be more strongly opposed to the payment of members of Parliament than I am. I think it will degrade the office, multiply the number of undesirable candidates, and expose a member to an insolent measuring of his value by the number of divisions he attends. But if I were a member of Parliament I should pocket the Paymaster's cheques, and I

should no more think of telling the world what I was going to do with them than of accounting for any other part of my income. This acceptance of wages, which he has not demanded, but against which he has protested, does not in the least estop the recipient from rescinding the resolution, under which I believe the salaries are paid, if ever he has the power to do so. One of the first things the Tories ought to do, if ever they return to office, is to drop the payment of members, which can be done by simply not setting down the estimate for the requisite sum. The payment of members is not desired even by the Liberals. It was forced upon the Government by the judgments in the Osborne case, which decided that the payment of members out of Trades Union funds was illegal. Before many years are over, I am convinced that the payment of members will be dropped, and that the Labour party will acquiesce in that course, as their leaders will by that time have discovered that Treasury cheques make Treasury whips more effective than Labour whips. Mr. Balfour has done the right thing himself, as he generally does. Only he has omitted, as he generally does, to tell his chief Bunty that his followers must follow, which they can only do if they are told clearly and decidedly and in good time what it is which they have to do.

A PARLIAMENTARY PLAYGROUND.

AMONG the headings of one of the chapters of a book on "The Studies, Habits and Peculiarities of Cambridge University" written in 1828 and now only to be seen by chance in the slum quarter of a bookseller's shelves there stands this flattering reference to an important Cambridge society—"House of Commons, superiority of Union over demonstrated". It is true that the text fulfils the suggestion of irony that lurks in these words, but a comparison of any sort is gratifying to a Union statesman even if it is rather unintelligible to the majority of mankind. Anyone however who knows the mimic Parliamentary furniture that fills the debating halls of the Oxford and Cambridge Unions will allow that the House of Commons has been successfully aped. The young orator leans upon an imitation despatch box, he speaks of "his honourable friend from Trinity" or "the honourable member from Pembroke", and addresses the occupant of the chair as "Mr. President", he leaves the House when a bore is "up", and finally follows his "leader" into the right "lobby" if he is not engaged as a teller or as an unofficial "whip" with a roving commission to catch votes to make the division lists look well.

But a toy is still an imitation, even though it looks real, and there are not many people outside the representatives of the undergraduate orator's family who readjust their opinions week by week, as Lord Curzon jokingly claimed to do, in the light of the report of the Oxford Union debates; and if the comparison can be kept at all it is not because England thinks highly of these weekly discussions but because she has come to rate low the quality of the House of Commons. The Unions suffer, as all debating societies must, from the want of the sting of action in the tail of their talk. In "Sketches of Cantabs" Mr. Tinkler, "the Unionic Cantab", moves "That we acknowledge with feelings of deep and abiding self-congratulation that the Landgrave of Hesse-Rudolshwig has bestowed upon his subjects the blessings of a free Constitution", and this extravagance is not altogether unfair to the tone of the motions that come before the Union. Subjects of this order cannot be grasped within a week, and the busy undergraduate is very dependent upon accessible authorities. He will seize a good point with thankfulness wherever he can find it, and there is as a rule little in the substance of his speech that is his own. Originality enters with his choice of phrases and the arrangement of his humour: indeed, especially in the speeches at Oxford, this is his chief concern and the test of a successful effort. This attention to epigram, alliteration and the selection of a happy word marks off youthful from mature oratory.

A man is occupied with the case for which he speaks, and he wishes his arguments to settle in men's minds, nor does he expect to advance except with the progress of his case, but the young speaker is inclined to use his case as a shop window which he may cram with his attractive wares. This explains the paradoxes that miss their mark because there was no occasion to aim at all. A great writer who took his share in debate confesses that as a young man in the Cambridge Union he denounced a famous Prime Minister as a "contemptible sneak", and more recently a successor to that office was disposed of as "a silly old man".

This verbal restlessness is better than the extremity of pomposity to which didactic youth is liable. The Union is the only place in an old University where undergraduates treat one another as middle-aged men, and the temptation to mount the high horse is naturally great. Moreover, the debater is led by the success of a few speeches, partly his own, to hold himself more prepared than he really is for a position in public life, and he is not at all pleased that he must occupy himself till middle age with the restrictions and postponements of making money. He is inclined to snatch at a political secretaryship or some post of deceptive attractiveness that fits with his immediate wants but leads nowhere.

The University politician can cut a considerable figure while he is still in residence. His appointment book is black with promised speeches, and though he takes second place to the prominent athletes, within his own large circle he can command an agreeable popularity. This indeed is a source of temptation, for a little recognition sometimes unbalances a slow and satisfied mind and modesty is the primary requirement to an undergraduate eye. The athlete sets the pace in this connexion, and the politician is inclined to run a little ahead of him, though on the whole they move easily together and they have a common disinclination to attend lectures and to read the stated books. A sympathetic tutor will not, however, press the politician too hard even though conscientious committee work may pull him down a class or two in his schools. Reading never leaves the appointed path, and a man must busy himself if he hopes to reach its end; there are many men who take high degrees who never look into a book off their subject nor open a newspaper from month to month. It is not surprising that a young man caring for affairs should almost feel, like the hero of a recent novel, that to take a University degree is "beneath the contempt of a reasonable man".

The choice is not presented to the athlete in quite the same form, for he does not decide between two differing intellectual demands but broadly between a physical and mental task. Tutors themselves admit the difficulty of serving the two masters, and they will deal leniently with the low class of a pupil who has concerned himself with a Union career. There are some people too not tied like dons to an expression of approval at examination triumphs who go much further and affect to see in academic failure the promise of worldly success. It is easy, however, to be too generous in this respect, and Stevenson's "Defence of Idlers" has stood some very indolent people in good stead. After all, to keep the grip upon a task when all the interest has left it is a discipline that will serve a man in later life, and a sad little acquirement of unorthodox culture, or even an added fluency of speech, is not of such service to a man as the training he would have had if he had kept on deck during the zenith of the storm. Not that the "Unionic Cantab" disgraces himself in his official work, for he turns from a committee, a debate, or a long banquet of political talk with resolution and, though his record is inferior to spectacled industry which will allow nothing to draw it from its books—neither sport, nor good company, nor the hand of friendship—he does creditably and finishes the race well in front of the stertorous athlete.

If the contrary were true, however, it would still be anything but wise to follow the example of the Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge in 1817 and to shut the doors of the Union Society; the place provides sanctuary

against the urgency of Tripos and the tyranny of games. The opinion is commonly held that at the old Universities men feed their minds upon the profundities of life, and no politician is thought to have done his duty by an academic audience unless he asserts that the future is in its hands. It may be: but too many undergraduates hurry through their course without once reflecting on the forces that maintain "the framework of the land". Busied over the statistics of athletics, jogged by a frowning tutor at his elbow, the undergraduate is tempted to live eagerly in a delightful present, ignoring the responsibilities of national life, Imperial necessities, or the need of the people "across the bridges". The armour a reading man pulls over him to meet the prods of examiners does not give him any sense of public duty, and though a rowing man acquires a fierce patriotism he does not practise with the weapons that must be used later on and with which the Union men make one another wince.

There are qualities which a good citizen and much more a public man must develop—readiness in putting together a case, capacity to piece an imposing argument, judgment in estimating men, quickness in detecting the essential point. Such activity of mind the Union fosters as no Tripos, with its slow absorptions and memory tests, can do: reading for an examination is almost like lawn-tennis with no one on the other side of the net, and, in contrast, a Union debate provides partners who can drive hard and place neatly.

But above all the Union gives men occasion to sound their beliefs, to question the accepted phrase, the rooted fact. College societies do indeed serve this use, leading a man away from his gossip and stirring up the contents of his mind. But their methods are so informal and speakers have so little sense of responsibility that these societies, though pleasant enough, hardly make a very valuable training ground.

"A YEAR OF STRANGERS."

By FILSON YOUNG.

HOW true it is that it is only in solitude that people discover themselves, and how sad it is that most people should spend their lives in avoiding solitude at all costs, as though they were afraid of what they would discover there! Here is a book* born, if not of solitude, of the companionships that one finds in solitude; and in its pages one discerns a personality strange and interesting, that has realised itself in loneliness like a flower blossoming in the desert. The appearance of a real book in our literary annals is a rare enough thing to make one greet it as one would greet a new star, for in the firmament of art there are stars great and small, and this is among the smallest, although it shines with a serene and clear-beaming light, to be easily discerned by the simple human eye without aid of literary or other telescopes. The Hungarian name of the author is new to the public, but to a smaller circle it is not so much the disguise as the adornment of a figure that but lately shone in that part of London society which cultivates beauty, making always a little centre of light and colour. Her book is the record of a year which the writer thought to find the happiest of her life, but in which instead she wandered in lonely places and drank of bitter waters.

And yet all that the public, ignorant of the inner story, will see is a charming book by a new writer. There is not one trace of sorrow in these pages. They are as happy as the springtime, as triumphant as summer. No one can read them without being the happier for it, without having something added to his vision of life, some new perception of the possibilities that lie in the natural and determined love of life. The book is a perfectly simple account of strangers met in a year of

* "A Year of Strangers." By Yoi Pawlowska. London: Duckworth, 1911. 5s.

wandering—strangers who became friends. Little children, beggars, Italian peasants, strangers encountered in Persia, in Russia, in Flanders—they one and all have the interest of skilfully painted figures which both adorn and are themselves adorned by the background against which they are shown. But they are not skilfully painted. This is not a skilful book; it is written without artifice. Its style is perfectly artless, although it has a fragrance that might well be the despair of many literary craftsmen. A skilful and sympathetic editor could by a few strokes of the pen greatly improve the style, but he could not greatly improve the book, for its charm lies in the freshness and clarity of the ideas, and the words to express them come naturally and artlessly. The craftsman can easily reproduce this artless style, but he cannot reproduce the attitude of mind behind it. The writer seems to see everything through an atmosphere serene, clear, and very still—the kind of pearly atmosphere through which we have sometimes seen, on a Sunday morning in June or July, an English landscape with river and trees and far-lying meadows. In such moments the atmosphere seems like the clear glass of a picture—fixing it in serenity. There is something of the spiritual calm of Thoreau in these pages of Yoi Pawlowska; but Rome is her Walden, and the broad roads of the world her Concord River. Here is an example of her style, taken from the sketch of a young peasant woman in a mountain town of Italy:—

"When I was leaving the village to return to my home in Rome, she stood by the carriage to say good-bye to me, holding Alfredo in her arms; Maria, Giuseppe, and Serafina were clinging to her skirts. She stood by the ruins of an ancient wall; some of its bricks had fallen in masses on to the ground and lay there half crumbled into earth again. I thought how inevitably the ground draws back to herself all that has come from her—Persepolis or a blade of grass.

"The wind blew aside Severina's skirts and showed her bare feet; Alfredo's red lips were pressed against her firm brown breast; Maria was a little patch of dull rose cotton; Giuseppe held his small black cap in his hand; Serafina's pale yellow hair was blowing about her face. The ancient wall, the hills, the limestone rocks melted away from my sight—I saw before me something that was eternal."

When one analyses the material out of which this book has been made one realises anew the dreadful waste which goes on in most of our lives. When one first reads such a book one's first instinct is to say "If such interesting things happened to me I could make a beautiful book, too". And yet things as interesting as these are happening every day to all of us. All the book is made of is a few encounters with beggars and children and other strangers—the common clay of everyday life. One need not doubt that thousands of other things just as interesting happened to the writer before this "year of strangers". The clay was in her hands always, as it is in the hands of everyone. But with most of us this raw material of life leaves our hands as it entered them, still in shapeless lumps of clay. Here and there the true artist, or, as I prefer to say, the true liver and seer of life, takes the shapeless clay and fashions it into things of beauty. And this is what Yoi Pawlowska has done. She found in her hands, instead of jewels, instead of the glories of those Arabian caskets and gossamer rainbow fabrics and fairy gawds which the child in us strives after and cries for, nothing but a little common clay; and out of the clay she has made these beautiful figures—far, far better than the fairy toys and jewels, because they are fashioned in the mould of life and have the beauty that is perceptible not only to human eyes but to human hearts. Such a book is tantalising, because it reminds one that the world might be filled with beautiful things if people would only choose them and see them. So far as skill goes, almost anybody or everybody might have written it—if only everybody would! But it is far more common to be able to do a fine thing than to have the will to do it, and sometimes one is tempted to think that all the skill of all the artists in the world is but a substitute for clear vision, love of life, and that serene morning spirit which ought to be natural to us, but seems, in the cross condition of the world, only to be attained through great suffering.

Here is another little passage which is interesting as an example of a happy style achieved through perfect naturalness and simplicity:—

"Once I said to her: 'If you were married, and some fair-haired babies played about the farm, do you think that you would be happier—do you not think that every time they laughed you would laugh also?' She looked away at the sea, her voice became husky, and she said: 'He was drowned out there, I came here as they were bringing home his dead body; I made them lay him down on the sand, and I kissed him on his mouth within the sound of the sea. He had never spoken of love, but I knew, and I knew why he was waiting, and my waiting ended when I kissed him as he lay dead. I will have no child, as I cannot have his child. Sometimes, when I sit here alone gazing at the sea, I seem to see him walking on the water towards me, holding a little child in his arms.'"

Beauty of this kind is full of snares for the author. It is the kind of thing that actors love to mouth, the mere style of which is easily imitated. One trembles to think lest Yoi Pawlowska should be persuaded into writing novels or mystical plays for the Court Theatre. We all know what happened in the case of the Irish plays, which in the case of Synge and Yeats began with this morning freshness of style, and which have rapidly been deteriorating into claptrap imitations of themselves. The art required in writing a play or a novel is a technical thing, and is far removed from the artlessness that makes pages like these beautiful. It is impossible for an author to be natural all through a play; if he were it would be a bad play; and one cannot too clearly say that the charm of this book is its naturalness and the limpid clarity of mind and true love of beauty which it represents. There may be more than that in the author—one does not know; but if she never writes another book she will have made out of her year of wandering one beautiful thing, and will have proved for her readers, as well as for herself, that, in the words of Mathnawi-i-Ma'nawi, "the hand of Spring will unfold the secret of Winter".

JEAN LORRAIN AND LITERATURE TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

WAS Jean Lorrain—his real name was Duval—at all known in England? Over here he was quite a person some fifteen years ago, and many people mentioned him in the same breath as Maupassant. Not that his talent resembled Maupassant's in the least—the few Normand stories he has written cannot bear the comparison—but both men were about the same age, they came from the same province, their productions appeared weekly on the same day in the newspapers, and were about equally shocking. This was enough for the crude criticism of newspaper buyers.

One ought to add that Jean Lorrain was no inferior writer. Even fastidious readers would occasionally bethink themselves on tumbling upon the "Gil Blas" or the "Journal" that he wrote for these papers and look for his contributions. One was pretty sure to find something like force and a certain charm in them, and I remember Angellier once dropping the oracular remark that he was "no ordinary peach though a decayed one".

Finally Jean Lorrain died—I could not say how many years ago, perhaps six or seven—and was forgotten. Fame like his, built on flying leaves, cannot be of long duration. We were not a little surprised, therefore, to hear the other day that a volume containing some of his best things had just been published with a preface by M. Paul Adam, and that a special issue of the "Courrier Français", profusely illustrated and comprising appreciations from a number of literary men of some note, had been dedicated to his memory.

Surprise is very uncritical. We had never thought of reconsidering our former impression of Jean Lorrain, but on hearing the news that he had not been doomed to oblivion by everybody we felt quite willing to admit to ourselves that we had treated him unjustly,

quite ready to read the posthumous volume with more respect and sympathy than we had ever given to the living man's productions, and quite anxious to secure the book.

This volume is entitled "*Du Temps que les Bêtes parlaient*"** and consists not only of tales, as the title might lead us to suspect, but of critical pieces as well. I do not regret having read it. It has made a few things clear to me, and I have a comfortable sense of knowing more about a man who held some place in modern French literature than would have been possible to me had it not been for M. Paul Adam.

The most striking characteristic of "*Du Temps que les Bêtes parlaient*" is that immoral stories are absent from it. Were it not for the coarseness diffused through the book and which I shall have to notice, and for two or three perfectly superfluous pages, it could be read by everybody. When Jean Lorrain used to republish his stories in book form he had no such scruples; on the contrary. To-day it would be impossible to offer to the public a volume with the least claims to literature that was immoral in subject or treatment. The success even of such a writer as M. Pierre Louys would, it seems to me, be doubtful, and with all his deftness and delicacy of touch M. Jules Lemaître would have to criticise an eroticist like Catulle Mendès more resolutely than by blaming himself publicly for liking him. Elegant cynicism as well as elegant corruption are passing out of fashion, and as the French recover their traditional energy they will be less and less indulgent towards anything that goes beyond *gauloiserie*.

We can in consequence limit ourselves to an appreciation of Jean Lorrain as he would have been if he had not stooped to catering to the unfortunate taste of a few years ago and had not condescended to be corrupted by his readers before corrupting them in return. Even within those limits he is not very near us. From the mere literary point of view he looks singularly behind our times—one might say old-fashioned. His style, loud and gratuitously flamboyant, makes him a descendant of the early Romanticists much more than of Renan. He is a rhetorician, a lover of words for themselves. A literary subject for him as well as for the weaker disciples of Victor Hugo—and too often for Victor Hugo himself—is only a hunting-ground where he hopes to find his game of brilliant words and epithets. He has a painter's imagination, no doubt, a power of visualising things or scenes, but his immediate object is to transform these visions into high reliefs painted with iridescent adjectives. He revels in rare phrases from remote nooks in the dictionary; in antiquarian terms; in neologisms which he copies more than he coins them; in the spoils of Gautier and Flaubert. He runs like the bull after any scarlet rag until he has made no end of verbal shreds of it.

This of course is the natural effect of the gift he possesses; but I am afraid it is something else too. Jean Lorrain is a journalist; he has to cover a given space of white with black, he is conscious of the necessity, and if I may use the phrase he is more than sub-conscious of the difficulty of filling an article with ideas; so he resorts to words. He is not what we call intelligent—far from it. He has no invention. Most of his stories come as unexpected tails to endless descriptions, and his beginnings—like those of Barbey d'Aureville—are so pompous and truculent that these ends look insignificant. He does not know much either, although according to the ways of his kind he pretends to know a great deal especially about art; he names Leonardo da Vinci along with Giotto and thinks him a simple-minded primitive. His psychology is of the shallowest. He is one of a school of young men who complacently describe themselves as over-refined and complicated. The words do apply to Bourget who has repeated them so often that the dumbest parrots had to remember them, but they do not apply to a hearty eater like Jean Lorrain. All he could do in the way of over-refinement and complication was to quote the Goncourts at random and to paraphrase Gustave Moreau's pictures with inexhaustible delight. He

mistook the elaborate weirdness of those pictures for rarity, and because they shook his nerves violently and suggested to him strings of sonorous words he thought them destined for the happy few. "*Du temps que les Bêtes parlaient*" is full of Salomes and Herodias, "tall lilies growing out of a blood-soaked earth". These crude evocations are in the background of all that honest Jean Lorrain calls over-refinement.

He approaches living men and women with very much the same notions. He is in love with Sarah Bernhardt because he has seen her personating not Phèdre but Theodora and La Tosca, and with Augusta Holmès because her splendid white arms appeared out of a crimson gown the first time he met her. He could not fall in love with a woman who did not suggest to him at once a gorgeous Parnassien sonnet. He bends over Sarah's hand and kisses it "with reverent sensuousness". The over-refinement of this full-blooded young fellow cannot go further than that.

Once or twice he is distinctly coarse and speaks about women as if they were pictures. On the eve of Meissonier's marriage with a woman thirty-five years his junior he treats his readers to heavy joking about the event, and when we are thoroughly disgusted suddenly draws himself up, borrows Bourget's pen, and tells us with deep conviction that only twice in his life he came in contact with women worthy of being compared with Mlle. Besançon. This clumsy Normand colt is apt to be often dangerous like that. He means to copy Parisian frolicsomeness, and when he has kicked you brutally neighs with delight at his own gracefulness. He has not a single friend whom he does not ultimately treat in this way.

What is then the literary significance of a mere Parnassien who blundered in forty volumes out of fifty into sheer brutality? Is he not sufficiently judged by the simplicity of the description we give of him? Certainly there is no Jean Lorrain problem, but Jean Lorrain's prose all the same furnishes matter for reflection. It makes us think that even a tactless unintelligent writer under Flaubert's influence had to aim at strong writing. Jean Lorrain only expressed visible tangible objects, but he did that with the utmost tension of his descriptive faculty. He wanted to be more real than reality itself, and he did his best to discover the words and rhythms that would suit his purpose. He was an artist, if an inferior one. On the least provocation he will pass from his overcharged periods to verse—often to a sonnet—much better than his prose. This is not the ordinary journalist's method. When we compare it to the reasonable but effete style of the tame disciples of Anatole France and Jules Lemaître who exist at present in the very papers in which Jean Lorrain flourished, the latter appears almost as a poet. He lacked real life, to be sure, but he had the appearances of vitality, and even these are contagious. One of the interesting sides of "*Du Temps que les Bêtes parlaient*" is the spirited picture it gives us of literary life in the Paris of 1890. It is true that the questions then alive are now quite dead, and that the name of Zola, even that of Daudet, rises from a far-away past; but what is not dead is the interest which an enterprising young author will always take in his elders, in his rivals, in actresses and painters, in the literary quarrels of the day, in short in that inexhaustible admixture of sensations of all kinds which the name of Paris invariably conjures up in young minds. This interest is unconscious but the more real in the early pages of a conquistador like Jean Lorrain, and would be delightful if his literary ambitions and even his literary vanity were freer from literary malignity. Like many another minor it may be as an impassioned witness of his time that he has some chance of living.

A RUSSIAN PLAY AND TWO REVIVALS.

By JOHN PALMER.

I HAVE already determined that I shall but rarely understand anything from Russia. The only Russian author I have yet been able to think of with gratitude and pleasure is Anton Tchekoff, whom

* Editions du "Courrier Français". Paris. 3f. 50c.

I persisted in praising a short while ago in the teeth of scornful critics and of a puzzled and dubious audience at the Aldwych Theatre. Tchekoff may one day lead me by slow degrees to an appreciation of Tolstoy and Dostoieffsky; but for the present Russian literature simply frightens me. I went to the Kingsway Theatre on Tuesday evening scared to the bone. I remembered the occasion when first I read the "Powers of Darkness", and the vow I made never to open a book by a Russian author unless I were in the pink of health. The rash, irreverent verdict I passed there and then upon the author of that fearful play also recurred. I thought he was a most prodigious animal.

"The Great Young Man" did not add appreciably to my terror of Russian authors; but it deepened my conviction that I shall never understand them. This play has been presented by the Princess Bariatsky over three hundred times in Russia; and in that country, I believe, it has a reputation. "Nablotsky", like "Little Mary" in our own land and time, has passed into the language. I can only say that personally I am unable to recognise in "The Great Young Man" art in any familiar sense of the word; and that, if it is intended as a photograph of Russian official society at the present time in S. Petersburg, I can only hope the negative was badly damaged. If Helen Nablotsky and Count Talsin are real Russians, we must henceforth class mankind as two separate species—human beings and Muscovites. Putting aside a schoolmaster, who for the purposes of the play is simply compelled to be blameless, there are only two normally decent people among the dramatis personæ. One is Helen Nablotsky, who has consented to be the mistress of her husband's chief. We are to sympathise with her because she has consented to be wicked, not to advance her husband (that would be base), but merely to vary the monotony of a life which otherwise would be too tedious for endurance. The other good person is Count Talsin, zealous to put down corruption in the Russian administration. Unfortunately Helen is also fired with reforming zeal; and being in so perfect a sympathy they retire into the country to love one another, or to reform the local peasantry—I am not sure which. Then there are the scoundrels, the really bad men and women. Nablotsky, the great young man, hypocrite, thief, and libertine, who is for ever trying, with tedious pertinacity, to sell the honour of his wife for preferment or hard cash. Unfortunately for him she has a prejudice against selling herself: she will only give herself away. There is a Minister of Public Instruction who uses the posts in his disposal to provide for his discarded mistresses. There is a Russian prince who sells his daughter to Nablotsky for a bundle of I O U's. Then there is a bad woman who—but this is getting monotonous. The really unfortunate thing about all these people is not the easiness of their virtue. They are not only wicked, but tedious. The chief scoundrel succeeds because the other scoundrels are too stupid to realise that he is as stupid as they. Moreover, the conversation of these people is even more tedious than their behaviour. Surely high official society in S. Petersburg, even at a supper table, talks a little better over its champagne and oysters than the friends of Nablotsky.

These remarks are, of course, to be taken as the criticism of one who professedly is a little wild in his estimate of things Russian. The play must be better than I thought it, or why did Princess Bariatsky—a gifted actress who would not without good reason be so unlovely as she consented to be on Tuesday evening—present it? Perhaps it is yet again my unconquerable prejudice in the play's despite that gave me the impression on Tuesday that the acting was most of it extremely bald and bad, and that the Princess Bariatsky was altogether beneath herself as I saw her a few months ago in Henry Becque's "Parisienne". The uninspired scoundrels who surrounded her were just the men to find her lovely as she played on Tuesday. Perhaps that was her intention.

Two important revivals are holding the stage at present, one at the S. James' Theatre, the other at the Duke of York's. "Lady Windermere's Fan" has in one or two passages all the qualities which make "The Importance of Being Earnest" the classically perfect farce of modern times. But in "Lady Windermere" Wilde was but feeling his way towards the perfection of his later manner. One of his characters says somewhere that life is too serious a thing to be taken seriously. He said it more neatly than that; and I am sure the epigram would be well worth turning up, if I were anywhere within distance of Messrs. Methuen's excellent edition of his plays. Certainly Wilde himself should never for a moment have forgotten it. Unfortunately, beneath his pose of flaneur and exquisite, Wilde was an incorrigible pulpiteer and sentimentalist. Listening to Lord Darlington and the rest as they speak feelingly of good women and true love we realise, as Everard Romfrey put it of Beauchamp, that "the parson's in the fellow". However, the loss to Whitefield's Tabernacle is pure gain for the drama. "Lady Windermere" is not quite so full of the nauseously pure and tender as is "A Woman of No Importance"; but it is too full of the real Wilde—evangelical at bottom—to be thoroughly enjoyed by those who prefer Wilde as he pretended to be. Broken hearts and fine sentiments are as plentiful in "Lady Windermere" as acorns. There are, of course, passages in the play over which it is possible to sigh with pure luxury of delight, notably the men's talk in Darlington's rooms before the discovery of the fan. Always, too, there is the pleasure of realising skilful theatrical craftsmanship. Those who think that Ibsen revolutionised theatrical craft by abolishing the soliloquy will perhaps exclaim at this; but I can assure them that Wilde's craft in "Lady Windermere's Fan" is as good as anything Ibsen ever accomplished. With all its faults, this old play at the S. James' Theatre is better worth a visit for a second time than most modern plays for a first.

At the Duke of York's Theatre Mr. Frohman has revived Mr. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows". Mr. Barrie deserves every inch of his success. He has the supreme quality of an accomplished journalist: he is able to repeat himself and to keep it a dead secret from his readers. All the jokes in Mr. Barrie's plays on a scrupulous analysis resolve themselves into two: (1) Mr. Barrie is a Scotsman; (2) every man's wife is his mother. The second joke is also the basis of Mr. Barrie's emotional appeal, and a full explanation of woman's conduct and nature. When Mr. Barrie first discovered that he was a Scotsman and that every woman was Wendy, he was tremendously amused. Being amused himself, he was easily able to amuse everyone else; for he was the deftest of craftsmen, with natural gifts in the art of expression. Also he wrote for the vast crowd that is sentimental about life, knows it is sentimental, and is not sure whether it should laugh at its easy emotions or take them seriously. People will continue to be amused and to be damp of eye over Mr. Barrie as long as Mr. Barrie can remain interested in periodically furbishing up the old material. But is there a laugh or a tear left in him now for the thing London expects him to do? There are signs of weariness in "What Every Woman Knows". Mr. Barrie seems a little tired of the jokes he discovered so long ago; and we, of course, take our mood from him. When he gets really tired of them he must stop writing. He must not try to discover any more. For one thing, his audiences expect the old ones; and, if he attempt to alter his view of life, they will only be troubled and estranged. Also he has achieved perfection in his own funny little world. Should he not rest content? "There is nothing so impressive", says someone in the play, "as the spectacle of a Scotsman on the make". But Mr. Barrie has made enough.

OXFORD.

IF I was on the hills to-day
A-walking in the sun
I'd see the bracken every way,
For now the green's begun.

If I was on the hills I love
Away into the west,
There was no man my mind should move
Or ever me molest.

But here in this abhorred town
Two things besiege my thought—
Long streets of buildings up and down,
And nothing done I ought.

H. T. WADE-GERY.

GREMMA KADAGU.

By W. BANNATYNE THOMSON.

IT was at the town of Mongonu, in Northern Nigeria, some two days south-west of Lake Chad, that I first made the acquaintance of Gremma Kadagu. He was brought to me as being a person of such vagrant habits and uncertain domicile that no one knew to which village-headman he should pay his yearly tax.

"To which village do you want to pay?" I asked him.

"To whichever village the white man orders", he answered. It was the inevitable reply of the native of Northern Nigeria to such a question, for it is his habit to conceal his own wishes in the hope that they may happen to coincide with his master's. If they happen to do so, then he poses as a model of obedience. If he finds they do not, it is then time enough for him to declare his private views.

"Where do your relatives live?" I asked.

He explained that he had no relatives. They had all been killed in the warlike days before the white man's coming.

"I have no father, no mother", he added; "I just walk about from village to village."

"No wife?" asked I.

"Oh, yes", he replied.

"Where does she live?"

He thought that had no bearing on his place of domicile. Twenty-four times in his adult career of seventeen years or so, he had divorced a wife, and twenty-five times he had been married. It was his opinion that the fortunate of the earth, that is to say, those who are able to facilitate nuptial changes by the weight of their purse, will not wisely retain a wife for a longer period than six moons. Formerly he himself had been one of these fortunate ones, he said, for in the old days he had been rich; but now his poverty compelled him to tolerate the same woman for two years or more. He did not believe in polygamy. It disturbed the peace of the home. Monogamy modified by successive change was his policy. It must not be thought that all his countrymen share his opinions. The gentler sex, it is true, is not taken very seriously in Africa, but affection more constant than Gremma Kadagu's is not difficult to find. Among the richer classes, where the women are kept in strict seclusion, the pleasantest part of the day for the master of the household is held to be those quiet hours of afternoon or evening when the charming children who are his wives hand him his kola-nuts to chew and devote themselves to the endeavour to make their lord's leisure a time of laughter and good cheer. It is a low ideal, no doubt, but shows up well enough against a nobler one soiled in the working. The gay prattle of the harem does not contrast unfavourably with the joyless silence that over-

takes many a family dinner-table in Europe when the master of the house has left his office for the day and placed his umbrella in the hall. Gremma Kadagu himself was, he told me, on the best of terms with her who enjoyed his affections for the present, pending the arrival of his next windfall. But he certainly was not one of those who, sometimes with the happiest, and sometimes with the most tragic results to themselves, take seriously the gentle art of love.

I wished to know the reason why he had fallen on poverty.

"It is the white man's fault", he said. "Ten years ago I had work and money."

"The white man prevents nobody working", said I.

But he had the better of me there, when he proceeded to tell me further details of the nature of his work. He had been a professional thief, employed regularly by the prominent village-headmen in the looting of their neighbours' property. These professional thieves—a class which even yet we have not wholly stamped out—were gentlemen of consideration as important contributors to the income of their employers. Gremma Kadagu was no whit ashamed of his former profession. Had I attempted to make him so, he would no doubt have retorted, like Falstaff, that it is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. The African sinner is not conscious, like our European criminal, of a vanishing self-respect, nor is there in him any quality that jostles over-closely against his dearest sins. In crime, as in other matters, the leading characteristic of the native is his careless gaiety; and he goes about his business, be it good or evil, with a merry heart and without an eye to unnecessary repentance. Even an unpopular crime—and thieving cannot be described as such—carries few bad social consequences with it, and no African would look askance at his neighbour for so trivial a reason as his having spent a year or two in prison. Moreover, as Gremma Kadagu explained to me, only a brave man could be a professional thief in the old days, for, if he was caught by his intended victim, he would probably have his hand cut off. The Koranic law was a convenient weapon for the headman of the village he stole from, although the same headman would keep his own thieves to steal from others. I asked Gremma why he had given up his profession.

"My employers were afraid to protect me when the white man came", he replied. "And once I came very near the white man's prison. Allah saved me, and I gave up thieving, and began to weave and make gowns instead."

I encouraged him to tell me more.

"I had pretended to buy some clothes from a Hausa trader", he went on. "Once I got them, I declined of course to pay for them. I had only one friend with me, and he had four. They got hold of me and dragged me to the white Judge. I swore the trader had been trying to steal away my wife, and pretended that was why I wouldn't pay up. My friend swore it too. Then the Judge opened his eyes very wide (he had eyes that made men fear), and fixed them upon the trader's witnesses. They were afraid. They thought the Judge believed my story and would send them to the guard-room if they contradicted it. So they just said my story was the true one, and I got away. Allah was kind to me, except that the Judge made me pay for the clothes in the end. After that I thought it was better to be a tailor—but I'd like best to be a policeman!"

He was evidently proud of having outwitted the Judge.

Gremma had amused me and I gave him two shillings, a considerable sum in a country where two chickens can be bought for 3d., and 25 lb. of millet for 1½d., and expressed the hope that he might soon grow rich in his new profession.

"Now I have a father and mother again", he said gratefully, as he left me. Would I engage him as a policeman?

I said I was not a police white man, but if he went to the Provincial Headquarters he would find one. A policeman he eventually became, and did very well for a time. When I returned to Africa again, however,

after a year's absence, and asked how Gremma Kadagu was getting on, the story I heard was this. He had been conducting back from work three handcuffed prisoners, when one of them slipped his handcuffs and escaped. The remaining two pointed out to him that he would most certainly taste the wrath of his master for letting a prisoner go. Gremma thought so, too, and at once divested himself of cap, uniform, belt, and carbine, and ran off into the bush in a loin-cloth. He has never been seen again. Far otherwise the two prisoners: for these at least had no intention of foregoing the evening meal which awaited them on their return from work. They picked up Gremma's clothes and carbine, returned to prison, and reported the whole story to the District Superintendent of Police.

"Here is his uniform, here is his gun. Now we want our dinner!"

Millet that year was less plentiful than usual, and why should sensible men leave a place where every night they could have a satisfying meal?

THE CHURCH PLATE OF HAMPSHIRE.*

BY THE REV. G. E. JEANS.

FEW people have any idea how rich and how varied the church treasures even of their own county probably are, in spite of the awful pillage under Edward VI.; nor yet what frightful risks from ignorance, from carelessness, and even from greed, almost all of them have been running. Archdeacons' inspections have, until late years, often been very perfunctory. I doubt whether the churchwardens of one parish in fifty would be able to give even a rough account of the number and value of the articles of church plate of which, jointly with the clergyman, they have the charge. A new chalice or paten may be used, and no one notices it. A few years ago a friend of mine had occasion to take his ancient chalice to London to be repaired. The silversmith of course at once perceived its beauty and quality. He softly murmured, "I could give you a good long price for this chalice". "But", said the horrified vicar, "it is not mine; it belongs to my church." "Yes, I know", replied the dealer; "but it is often done."

It is remarkable that in a large county, full of ancient churches, many of which, moreover, are so remote that they had an unusual chance of escaping the Royal Commissioners, there should not remain a single pre-Reformation chalice meant for church use. Chalice and patens intended for interment in the grave of a priest, such as still remain at Wyke and Sparsholt, were generally made for the occasion, and were mostly of tin or pewter, except for dignitaries. At Wyke there is a paten still in use, assigned to the thirteenth century. It is the oldest paten in use in England, but it is probably sepulchral in origin. But the oldest pre-Reformation church plate of the county of Hampshire—in this case certainly sepulchral—consists of a tiny leaden or pewter chalice and paten at Sparsholt, about two miles farther on. Neither has any ornament at all, except that there is a rude cross on the paten. These are thought to be of early thirteenth or possibly even twelfth century date. They are quite unfitted for use, and are very rightly kept in a glazed case on the chancel wall. Similar ones were found on the site of the old church of S. Anastasius, Winchester, and these also are preserved, in a glazed recess, in the modern church of S. Paul.

The silver-gilt paten at Bishop's Sutton is not quite so large nor so ancient as that at Wyke, but is of considerable interest. It appears to have been always meant for use. Bishop's Sutton, which is about nine miles from Winchester and one and a half from Alresford, was a favourite country-house of the bishops, who had here a hunting-kennel, to which some of our kings seem sometimes to have brought their own

hounds, and then left them for the discontented bishop to look after until the next hunting season. It is probable, therefore, that it was the gift of a Bishop of Winchester to the parish church, and it is unfortunate that the date cannot be at all closely fixed. The parish tradition assigns it to William of Wykeham; but that seems too early, and Fox is as likely a prelate as Wykeham to have given it.

This is a very meagre list of pre-Reformation plate for so large and so historic a county, even if we add fragmentary pieces at Wield, near Alresford, and at S. Lawrence, Southampton; and a piece at Fawley. A paten-lid at S. Lawrence's, which has lost its chalice, has a curious figure of the saint, inscribed—with a fine disregard of punctilious spelling—"Sant Larens". He is holding of course in his right hand the gridiron, and in his left what Canon Braithwaite describes as a book. I think, however, that it is certainly a bag, or a box with a bag-like handle. I venture to suggest that it represents the treasure of the Christian Church, of which S. Lawrence, as Archdeacon, was in charge. It is recorded that on his refusal to disclose the hiding-place of this to the Prefect he was put to torture over a slow fire.

Between the mediæval and the Elizabethan types of chalice comes an interesting transitional group, rare in every part of the kingdom, and of this group Hampshire has two. The earlier of these is at S. Michael's, Southampton, the church with the tall, lean spire that forms the most conspicuous object in the not very impressive approach to Southampton up the Water. The chalice here is, like the spire, tall and lean. It has the date-mark of 1551, but Mr. Carrington, a most expert judge, thinks that from its unlikeness to others of the date it must be a secular cup, adapted in Elizabeth's reign. If that be so, it has to give way in interest to the chalice at Owslebury (1552)—a very interesting and quite typical chalice, of the transition shape between the shallow bowl on a stem intended for the priest only, and the deep cup to be shared by the faithful.

Of Elizabethan plate there is, of course, great abundance—no less than fifty-three chalices, but mostly of the same general character. There are four as early as 1562. Elizabethan cups almost always date from 1567 to 1570, because it was in 1566 that the Queen took more comprehensive steps to make good some of the Edwardian pillage; when every parish was required to have a chalice and paten of silver, or of some other "clean and sweet metal". The Elizabethan type of chalice proved very suitable, and lasted long with little modification. Cups that are virtually Elizabethan are found through the Civil war, as at Ellingham, Lady Alice Lisle's own church, on the western edge of the New Forest, and West Tytherley, near Romsey.

Then we come to a very important link, in the extremely interesting chalice of the Jesus Chapel (officially known as S. Mary Extra) at Southampton. This chapel, on Pear Tree Green across the Itchen ferry, and therefore commonly known as Pear Tree Church, was consecrated by Bishop Lancelot Andrewes in 1620, and the form which he drew up for it has been the basis of consecration services in the Church of England ever since. The money collected at this service (£4 12s. 2d.) was ordered by the Bishop to be devoted to the making of a chalice. It resembles the Laudian vessels found at Lambeth and elsewhere, and is a deliberate return to the pre-Reformation type, with modifications. This type is an admirable one, especially for a small church. Firm-based and well-proportioned, it eschews the practical inconveniences alike of the over-shallow mediæval chalice and the over-deep Elizabethan cup.

Leaving the chalices and patens to their gradual decadence through some two hundred and fifty years, we will go on to look at the surprising treasures, mostly of secular origin, still to be found in many churches—often very remote ones—of Hampshire.

There appears to be only one mazer in the county, and that is at Whitsbury, a parish which was transferred from Wiltshire to Hampshire as late only as 1895.

* "The Church Plate of Hants." By P. R. P. Braithwaite. London: Simpkin. 31s. 6d.

Even then it is not, strictly speaking, a mazer, which ought to be only of maple wood, while this appears to be of lignum vitae.

It is not easy to define a tazza, a word which really connotes no more than "cup", but it is applied in general to a shallow bowl with a stem. There are two beautiful tazzas in the county. The earlier of these is at Deane. This is an interesting piece of late Tudor silver-gilt work, with a very stout stem and a shallow bowl, round which is the legend, "Gyve God thanks for all". The Southampton tazza has the date-mark of 1567, and is attributed to the same hand as the one given by Archbishop Parker to his college, Corpus Christi, at Cambridge. It is of extremely rich but at the same time restrained and delicate work, well shown by two fine photographs in Canon Braithwaite's book.

There are about half-a-dozen complete Communion services of one date and make in the county, none of course of early date. The finest and much the most solid of these is the silver-gilt service at Eling, 1693, which includes a noble flagon, fifteen inches high, and holding no less than seven pints—more suited for a Scottish than an English congregation. The silver service at the Garrison Chapel at Portsmouth, though plain, is interesting as being the gift of Queen Anne, and there is a complete silver-gilt service used at Southwick Church, at the head of Portsmouth Harbour.

The oldest piece of secular plate belonging to a church in the county seems to be the silver bowl at Kimpton, a remote village on the edge of Salisbury Plain, which is attributed by experts to the late fifteenth century. There is no evidence when or by whom it was given to the church, nor whether it was given to be used as a chalice, or whether, perhaps, like the Basingstoke bowl, it was meant both for an alms-dish and a baptism-bowl.

One of the most striking pieces of secular plate is the beautiful silver-gilt standing-cup, now used as a chalice, at Hinton Admiral, the seat of the family which practically created Bournemouth. It is of a gourd-shape, with a charming stem made like a twisted tree; on the lid is a Roman warrior with lifted spear. But the chief treasure of the county in secular plate is undoubtedly the beautiful crystal cup of Yateley, which deserves fame also for the adventures it has undergone. This is a lovely Elizabethan cup of silver-gilt and rock crystal, very graceful even in its mutilated condition. It must have been of surpassing beauty when it possessed its noble finial. It is a good example of the perils which these treasures have undergone in country churches, and for which books of this kind afford the best hope of rescue. It was given by Mrs. Sarah Cocks in 1675 "for the only use of the Communion table". I think that the late Rev. C. D. Stooks, in his history of this church, must be wrong in his suggestion that it may have been only meant, "considering the church feeling at the time the cup was given, to stand on the altar as an ornament". The church feeling of 1675 was a great deal more earnest and more reverent than used formerly to be recognised. Mr. Stooks says that the cup was once stolen, but that the thieves, finding that it had no intrinsic value—surely he only means that it was hard to dispose of—left it in the churchyard ditch. In 1868 the churchwardens, without asking for a faculty, advertised it for sale, the money to go towards the restoration of the church. Bishop Sumner, very much to his credit, sent them £50 for the purpose, and gave back the cup on the condition that it should never again be offered for sale. Even this, however, was not warning enough. The clerk, it appears, was actually allowed still to carry it to and from his own house to hold the altar-breads! In the frost of January 1887 he fell and broke the cup. It has been very well repaired by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, and it is a marvel that so much has survived all these perils. It is in the publicity given by such fine and accurate county histories as this of the Hampshire church plate that the best security for church treasures is to be found. After this there can never be another such dismal story as that of the Yateley Cup.

CORRESPONDENCE.

YOUR CRITIC AND SHAKESPEARE'S DAUGHTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—When my first book of criticism, "The Man Shakespeare", came out, I was astounded by the sympathy and understanding of an unknown critic in the SATURDAY REVIEW. Amid the usual chorus of sneering, snarling, contemning, a genuine human voice of comprehension and encouragement; one of the half-a-dozen righteous in the city, I said to myself. Now hardly has my second book, "The Women of Shakespeare", appeared, when I find a second long criticism from the same approved good judge in the SATURDAY REVIEW, who is brave enough to say that though he feared disappointment this second book "interests him more" than the first; for in it I have "gone more deeply into Shakespeare". I knew that, but I never expected to hear it from anyone but a personal friend in England.

While agreeing with me in the main and accepting most of my conclusions, your critic takes me to task now lightly, now seriously, according to the nature of my errors, as he sees them. He is so manifestly fair-minded and I am so grateful to him for his honest and brave encouragement that I want to explain an error, and above all make good a shortcoming in my argument where his mind refuses to agree with mine.

First of all he notices "a new note of provocation sometimes to the point of truculence" in the way I deal with my critics. The reproof is so scrupulous, so fairly put that it is no doubt deserved. But I submit that my new, unwonted heat is the fault of my critics. To use Bacon's simile, I am moving rapidly to my place, and heat is generated by the resistance of the medium through which I am passing. My critics should be blamed for my "truculence"; the professor-critic who had the impudence to tell me that my first book was "almost a disgrace to English scholarship", the journalist-critic who described it as "absurd nonsense".

My "truculence" can not only be explained but justified; still—enough of that. What concerns us now is your excellent critic's one real point of disagreement with my theory. I have convinced him that "the plays indubitably support the sonnets in their disclosure of a profound personal history colouring the whole of Shakespeare's world at least for some considerable period and derived almost as certainly from the domination of an individual woman". That is enough for my measure; the name of Shakespeare's love seems as unimportant to me as to your critic. He accepts, too, most of my "subsidiary conjectures": the identification of Shakespeare's wife, his mother and his son satisfies him; even the Herbert-Bertram theory he would accept, but he cannot swallow the daughter. He says: "With the fanciful Judith theory we have never agreed, nor does it seem to matter very much except in so far as it commits Mr. Harris to an inadequate appreciation, as we think, of the 'abstract' maiden heroines who figure in the later plays. The picture of a domesticated Shakespeare purging his vocabulary and painting pale girlhood under the influence of a good daughter strikes us not only as fantastic but out of key with the rest of Mr. Harris' own story of the man. Our own explanation of Imogen, of Perdita, and of Miranda is a very different one. Their divergence from the Juliet type is, of course, obvious. But this, we hold, implies neither 'diminished virility' nor a new view of womankind. These later virgins of Shakespeare are exquisitely attuned to the idyllic and in some respects Wordsworthian atmosphere of the later plays. . . . 'Years that bring the philosophic mind' have clearly been at work. The note is symbolic rather than concrete, idyllic and pastoral rather than sensuous and ecstatic. A girl of the Juliet type would offend the first principles of such a creation. She could not breathe naturally in this cool, mild, and benignant air."

Now, Sir, if your critic had ever tried to write a novel or a play he would never have written that criticism.

From the beginning the artists and the creative writers have all been with me; they need but little argument; they know how tightly we are all tethered to our own experience. I point out to them, let us suppose, that Millais painted a rich boy as "Bubbles" and a little later gave a ragamuffin the same face and a third time in a chorister again reproduced "Bubbles", and they would at once say "he had only one model whom probably he liked particularly for some reason or other". If I were able in any way to connect this "Bubbles" face with the face, say, of his son; they would one and all declare at once that this was the only reasonable explanation of this haunting face; for the artist wishes to make all faces different, if not typical.

The literary arguments are a thousand times stronger than this; the haunting face is the heroine's face, the chief person in three totally different plays. Your critic says these plays are all alike "idyllic and pastoral . . . rather than sensuous and ecstatic", but he must be conscious that this is mere dialectic. "Pericles" shows the heroine Marina in a brothel and a perilously realistic brothel at that, "sensuous" enough in all conscience. Now there the angelic girl might not be out of place as a contrast; though it would be a thousand times higher art to give her a passionate sensuous temperament and yet show her revolting against her vile surroundings, finer art still to suggest that it was just her rich generous blood which flamed to indignant temper at the venal debasement.

Already probably your critic feels how he has missed the force of my argument. I never talk of "the 'abstract' maiden heroines who figure in the later plays". I begin by noticing that all three heroines have abstract names, Marina, Perdita, Miranda; I then prove by obvious analysis that all these three are copies of one model, and that model a very different one from any that Shakespeare has selected before; she is pure-minded, tender-hearted, modest in speech, faithful, docile, a lover of flowers and innocent gaiety; only half-a-dozen traits in all repeated three times with hardly any variation. And all this while in each of the plays we feel the surge and swirl of the passion-tempest that has not yet died out in Shakespeare's soul. Shakespeare I have proved is the most personal of artists; who is the young girl who has sat to him for this model? Take brothel or shepherd's hut or enchanted island, the same heroine serves for all; she is painted three times, three times as the daughter of a great king or duke as Shakespeare loved to fancy himself; twice she was lost by her father for years and then found unexpectedly; and when her father's joy is not rendered in finding her, it is rendered in direct explicit words as we shall soon see. But curiously enough there is no touch of passion in Shakespeare's presentment of her; how then can she have convinced him of all men of her purity, her modesty? How has he got to such close relations with her? He shows a strange affection for her; and yet he only knows half-a-dozen traits in her, which traits themselves, thoughtfully observed, proclaim the father; he takes her purity as proven because of the reticence of speech; he has only noticed her docility and kindness.

One word, Sir, you must admit, and I shall be justified in taking, this beloved model for his daughter. But the word is there, most manifest, repeated again and again and quite unmistakable. I challenge your critic in all friendliness to explain the word otherwise by any ingenuity. It is in "The Tempest"; I have quoted it and thought I had given thereby sufficient proof; but more proof can be produced if more be needed. It is in the second scene of the first act, when Prospero tells his daughter how they were "hurried aboard a bark", taken "some leagues to sea", then thrust upon

"A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd
Nor tackle, sail nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it";

and there abandoned to the winds and waves. Miranda remarks:

"Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!"

A most sensible remark, for she was less than three years old. Here is Prospero's reply:

"O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue."

The whole description is nonsensical; never was there such an unnatural babe; never such a womanly yet self-engrossed and groaning father. The words squeal against the imagined circumstances; but the feeling is clear: his daughter, Miranda, saved him. Shakespeare shows that it is all true to him: he goes on to tell how this "rotten carcass of a butt" which the rats even have quit, is furnished with rich garments and stuffs and necessities and a library to boot. It's more puerile—absurd than the "Swiss Family Robinson"; but every touch is true to Shakespeare down to the

. . . . "volumes that
I prize above my dukedom."

I have proved Prospero to be a mere mask of Shakespeare himself, and here Shakespeare tells us that he owes it to his daughter Miranda that he was able to bear up against the ills of his later life. He has no other reason for inventing the impossible story.

Now is it a far-fetched assumption that this Miranda was indeed a portrait of Shakespeare's daughter?

Think of the words in the beginning of the scene. When Miranda cries over the wreck, Prospero says:

"I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter."

Why he loves the very words: see how he repeats them:

"Of thee, of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter."

Had Shakespeare told us that he wanted to praise his daughter, show his affection for her, he could not have written more clearly.

Think, too; the whole incident is lugged in for this purpose or without reason, nay, against all reason. It takes all interest out of the play to know in the first act that Prospero is a great magician and can make shipwrecks at will and yet save the lives of all on board, who are his enemies. But Shakespeare does not blunder like this unless he is seeking regardless of probability, to express some dominant personal feeling. Surely, I am justified in saying that my explanation holds the field.

If your critic is not persuaded yet, he should read again the tempest-scene in the third act of "Pericles"; for the scene in "The Tempest" is a mere replica of it. Shakespeare only finds this daughter of his in storm and loss and suffering. We know that Mary Fitton married for the second time in 1608: in the same year Shakespeare's beloved mother died. Surely in this year of loss and wreck when he returned to Stratford to bury his mother and mourn his lost love he found his daughter an "angel" to him and wrote out of a full heart those lines in "The Tempest" which I have quoted, which without my reading are pure nonsense.

And if Miranda is a picture of his daughter, then Marina was the first sketch of her and Perdita the most successful portrait. Everyone has noticed the wild improbabilities of the scene in "Pericles" when Marina converts everyone in the brothel by her angel purity: the two gentlemen, Lysimachus, Boult even; Shakespeare thought everything possible to this angelic daughter of his. You must explain the wild improbabilities of both these stories in some way or other: my explanation solves all the difficulties quite naturally. Does your critic on consideration really think my theory "fanciful"? In any case it is not so "fanciful" as Shakespeare's text, which it alone explains.

In all gratitude for excellent honest criticism,

I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK HARRIS.

"THE AMATEUR SOLDIER AGAIN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Windlesham, Crowborough, Sussex.

SIR,—In his review of Mr. Erskine Childers' recent book upon the subject of cavalry tactics, in which he repeats his argument that we should be wiser to learn from our own experience than from German theories, your critic continually quotes an anonymous cavalry officer who depreciates the writer's views. Might I, as a supporter of those views, give an instance on the other side? A distinguished soldier who saw the whole of the African War and won his D.S.O. in the course of it (I enclose his name, but not for publication), was in my study the other day, and seeing Childers' "War and the Arme Blanche" upon my desk, he took it up with the remark, "This is to me an absolutely convincing military treatise". I mention the incident merely to show that to pooh-pooh these views as those of an amateur soldier is not a reasonable attitude. As a matter of fact, though Mr. Childers is technically an amateur, he actually served in Africa and saw a good deal of fighting. No one can read his books without admiring the amount of military reading and thought which goes to the making of them, and they are not to be lightly set aside by mere assertions unaccompanied by argument or proof.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

"HOW THE INSURANCE BILL WILL WORK OUT."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Lloyd George in his speech at the Whitefield Tabernacle poured scorn on this pamphlet as the work of an author who was "ashamed of his name". A writer may be compelled to suppress his own name for reasons which would command general respect, and the names of those who contribute to the preface of this little pamphlet should convince any reader that it is one of these reasons which has prevented me from signing it.

The pamphlet has been unfairly criticised in certain journals, while in others, including some staunch supporters of the Bill, its true object and aims have been appreciated. If you will extend to me the courtesy of your columns I should like to answer some of the attacks which I have not been able to answer in the journals concerned.

The pamphlet is not an attempt to kill the Bill, and there is nothing in it which justifies giving to Mr. H. W. Forster, Mr. Worthington Evans, and the author any such title as "the wreckers". On the contrary, it is a straightforward suggestion for amending the list of benefits in such manner as to offer to each the insurance which he (or she) most wants, instead of forcing all to pay for a stereotyped list, the major part of which is useless, or worse than useless, to about one-third of the persons concerned. It points out that this can be done now without incurring any greater charge, and simply at the cost of some more Parliamentary time and work, and—a point which is of vital importance to the insurers—that it cannot be done later. It is a plea for providing, either for those who so elect or for those to whose cases the insurance offered by the Bill is not appropriate, the option of another form of insurance, including adequate annuities for the time when work must cease, and so measured as to come within the same financial limits. It has already been recognised that the insurance is on wrong lines in some of the cases here referred to—e.g. clerks, domestic servants, and seamen.

Such attempts as have been made to create an impression that it contains irresponsible suggestions which have little or no regard for actuarial soundness are entirely unjustified. I might refer to one notable case in which, by quoting part of a sentence written by an

eminent actuary (a President of the Faculty) and by placing a full-stop where only a comma occurs, his words are made to convey an entirely different meaning from that which they in fact convey. The more important part of the sentence which says that the proposals raise "no false hope" is omitted. In point of fact much actuarial work has been devoted to the suggestions, and it is already certain that all that is proposed could be given with ample financial margin.

The suggestion that the benefits of this insurance would be confined to the children who enter at the age of sixteen is equally unfounded. No note is taken of the two important facts (i.) that those who enter over that age would have the full actuarial value of the premiums paid by or for them, and (ii.) that the general insurance fund is made to provide exactly the same sum as is provided under the Bill (viz. about £80,000,000 in present value) for the purpose of raising their insurance to or towards equality with that of the full contributor.

Yours etc.,

THE WRITER OF THE PAMPHLET.

BALLIOL CHAPEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea S.W.

Allhallowe'en 1911.

SIR,—I am not an Oxford man: but all Englishmen have part and lot in Oxford: and some know architecture as a gracious mistress whom they will love, from however afar, till they die: and I gaped to read Mr. Norman Shaw's letter in to-day's "Times". It is proposed to pull down Balliol College Chapel! Now, it is often said that Englishmen are by nature inartistic; it is in a sense untrue. But it is true that among too many of the educated classes (ut dicunt) a taste for art means merely a following of the fashion—the collecting by means of money of the last thing boomed at Christie's—the parrot's repetition of the last phrase he has heard. And for some time the few who write of architecture at all have too often made a byword of William Butterfield.

Now, Butterfield made his mistakes. He was an unbending, wilful man, perhaps, and certainly in Winchester College Chapel he came woefully to grief; as did, alas, the chapel. He saw only one thing at a time, and had his way. But are we always going to do the same?

He was a very great artist: with him architecture was alive: it bore his mark: its smallest detail had his personal touch. Not least has Balliol Chapel. Its slender spirelet, its thorny tracery, its banded walls, all tell of Butterfield—as they do of Ruskin and the "Stones of Venice". We are all now sneering at Victorian taste. It had its faults, and we need not fear to smile—if only we do not forget to acknowledge what we owe. To those who remember, to defend it seems absurd. Its mistakes were made to give us our inheritance; and if we have forgotten, those who follow us will record our debt to it. They will not overlook that it was decided to destroy Balliol Chapel in the week in which a Life of Ruskin was published! As to Oxford, its architectural history is the history of English thought for eight hundred years. They will be fools who try to wipe out the history of the nineteenth century.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW at least will perhaps stand up for Balliol Chapel: for its founder gave its architect probably his first commission. Mr. Beresford Hope (carum et amabile nomen) set about the re-edification of S. Augustine's Monastery at Canterbury at his hands while he (your founder) was still an undergraduate at Cambridge.

Yours faithfully,

H. C. SOTHERAN.

REVIEWS.

DE QUINCEY.

"De Quincey." Edited by Sidney Low. London: Bell 1911. 3s. 6d. net.

TO a boy of seventeen, who likes literature, the works of De Quincey, in as many volumes as may be, offer such a pasture-land of delight as "The Faery Queen" presented to the young Keats. How much there is of De Quincey, and how good it is, even if you skip "The Essenes", and all the remarks about Keats, and the political economy, and the novel; to none of these have we returned, nor do we mean to return. Even at seventeen a boy can see that much of De Quincey's rhetoric is too precipitous; that much of the humour is the child of high spirits—factitious now and then—and that the endless digressions, excellent as they may be, are journalistic; that the author has had a happy thought, a glimpse of profitable "copy", wholly apart from his theme, but useful for the making of his tale of bricks. The great essayists did not work in this way, but the way passes through meadows of flowers.

To the general reader, however, there is too much of De Quincey; the general reader is not the man to cull his own nosegay out of so many volumes. He, for example, overlooks the essay on Homer, so valuable still, despite its date; and, hating the subject of "Style", does not find out the curious illustrations derived from style in the criminal arts.

For the general reader, Mr. Sidney Low has gathered a bouquet, not too large, of selections from De Quincey. We miss many whole numbers from "Episodes of Autobiography"; here are but a poor eighteen pages. De Quincey on his boyhood is as good as Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, and R. L. Stevenson on the humours of boyhood; his work here is really more eternally human and delightfully personal than "The Daughter of Lebanon"; and "Suspiria de Profundis". "Could boys of seven and twelve have invented Tigrosylvania"? asks Mr. Low.

Who else could have invented them? "It is true they were not ordinary boys", says Mr. Low; they were no more ordinary than Bob and Louis Stevenson, with their fanciful kingdoms. The reviewer, at the age of sixteen, had read De Quincey on the hallucinations of his childhood, and asked another boy, much his junior, if he had ever seen anything odd. The small boy had enjoyed the very experiences which De Quincey describes; manifestly Mr. Low was not a boy "of that kidney". We want more of what De Quincey tells about his brothers, who were as remarkable as himself, though silent except in his charmed and veridical pages.

Mr. Low's essay is of great merit, but he "has fallen to sin, the unknown sin", the sin unpardonable. In his first page, and later, he spells the name of the great Théophile Gautier as "Gauthier". This error was never forgiven by the poet who, in his day, like De Quincey in his, was the flower of "hacks". Mr. Low justly regards De Quincey as a hack, though he prefers to use the term "polygraphers". Now Aristotle was a "polygrapher", but he was not a hack! He wrote many books on many subjects, all of them good books, whereas "it is very nearly true to say that De Quincey never wrote a book". The novel, unread—the political economy, forgotten, only prove the rule. Théophile Gautier, though a journalist, did write books in prose, not to mention his volumes of poetry, and they are not forgotten. Even of De Quincey, the "Opium-eater" is a book, though it first appeared in a magazine. In reading De Quincey's essays one admires one's great-grandfathers. They would accept, in a magazine, work which could now appear only as a treatise for the very few. De Quincey was allowed, in magazines, to write good scholarly matter, on themes which now frighten the public away. To be sure he was permitted these excursions because his manner had nothing of scholarly method; nothing concentrated,

nothing arid. Mr. Low remarks that he had thirty-six years of life, mainly passed in study of the most various sorts, behind him, when in 1841 he opened his literary career with the "Confessions of An English Opium-eater". Much reading had made him a full man; he had, in youth, no common experience in varieties of life, and in many ranks; he had seen much of Wordsworth, of Southey, and of Coleridge, whom, while he had money in his purse, he generously aided. He had known the Lambs, had been the comrade of Christopher North, reminiscences of these friends were valuable assets to the journalist. De Quincey used them with more than journalistic lack of reserve; his pages on Coleridge, says Mr. Low, are "ill-natured but acute, humorous, and often extraordinarily informing". The men were rivals as philosophers and as opium-eaters and writers on opium-eating; there was rivalry and ill-feeling between them, so De Quincey should have been silent about S. T. C. But he lived and wrote from hand to mouth; all was "copy" that came to his net. In writing on Coleridge he addressed "dear Lamb" as if Lamb were narrating his own experiences "in his Confessions of a Drunkard". Lamb himself was far more jocularly personal in writing for the press about his friends than we now think seemly; De Quincey went so far that Southey wished somebody would beat him. We are entertained, we disapprove, we regret, but on the whole the overflowing personalities of Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Lamb, and De Quincey are the most permanent things and the most relished in the literary gossip of their age. Lamb and De Quincey, says De Quincey, were men of principle who agreed to take a great deal of wine (port!) "during dinner—none after it". Indeed, "after it", Lamb fell asleep. By his own account, De Quincey did not go on with the port, but sat and watched the Endymion, whose slumbers were reckoned beautiful by many observers. As for De Quincey, as Mr. Low writes, "he perceived that his opium-eating was a first-rate literary asset, and he made the most of it". He made too much of it; he was always harping on it, and, in truth, it did much for him, gave him a cachet and excused that lack of practical things in which he, not hypocritically, outdid Harold Skimpole without Harold's mean hypocrisy. The portrait of Papaverius, by Hill Burton, proves that De Quincey was quite sincere. There "were dreams to sell", and to tell, and De Quincey bought them with opium at a great price, and lived his vagrom, toilsome later life in the strength of them. At Edinburgh he began to blossom as a talker about four o'clock in the morning. His health did not suffer from his habit, apparently; in youth he could walk with Christopher North, who, reaching a loch fourteen miles from home, walked back for his fly-hooks, returned to the loch, and walked home after fishing. In old age De Quincey could still walk down younger men, and much of his best literary work was done after he reached the age of sixty. Mr. Low thinks that he exaggerated the completeness of his collapses; he was heightening the colours of his autobiographical romance. Probably he did not "lose all power of systematic thought and regular study". Probably he never possessed them; we cannot imagine and might not esteem a systematic De Quincey; a coherent commentator on Kant. So unpractical was he that "he seems to have received no more for essays which bore witness to weeks of hard work and the study of years than was given to other men for quite inconspicuous reviews and hastily written articles on topics of the day". He sent in his contributions piecemeal, asking to be paid piecemeal. He left notes "for my History of England", for "my book on the Infinite". He was not the man to rival Mr. Gardiner, spending a year at the documents of a year of history. Mr. Low sums up De Quincey thus: "History, literature, economics, social ethics, the problems of personality and character, as he drew them from the reservoirs of his own consciousness and memory, he exposed to view, heightened, enriched, and ennobled to the fullest extent the subject permitted by distinction of style, by vigour of imagination, by the results of wide reading and keen observa-

tion, by an alert sense of humour, and by an instant response to the appeal of mystery and pathos." Tennyson reckoned him one of the six most eloquent writers of English prose; of the six only one, Milton, was a poet. His "modes of impassioned prose", as he said, "range under no precedents that I am aware of in any literature". Baudelaire, a poet, probably imitated him in his "Petits Poèmes en Prose", but Baudelaire kept them short; perhaps De Quincey's are too long for the genre. With all its beauty and perfection of sympathetic insight, the "prose elegy" on Jeanne d'Arc is improved by Mr. Low's excision of passages which mar the music and blur the design. We can scarcely say with Mr. Low that "as an essayist it would be hard to find a superior", for he outruns the measure of the essay. Nor can we agree with the opinion that "the best modern is superior to the best ancient literature, the frozen tranquillity of Hellenic paganism". Life does not "look coldly through the marble eyes of the goddesses and heroines of Attic tragedy", Medea, Phædra, Jocasta, Antigone, Tecmessa, eyes not of marble but soft with dreams, or fiery with passion. Mr. Low does not go this length with De Quincey. Perhaps it might have been mentioned as a proof of De Quincey's sincerity, that in dying he beheld a vision of the sister whose death, and its effect on himself at the age of six, are described in the pages headed "The Affliction of Childhood". As the child, alone and awestruck, watched the beloved dead, "a solemn wind began to blow . . . and three times in my life I have happened to hear the same wind in the same circumstances—when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day". In the organ-tones of the long passage which follows, De Quincey proves himself a born visionary, who needed no opium to unseal his inner sight.

FINLAND AND THE FINNS.

"Finland To-day." By George Renwick. London: Unwin. 1911. 10s. 6d.

"Letters from Finland." By Rosalind Travers. London: Kegan Paul. 1911. 7s. 6d.

FINLAND should be proud. People are tumbling over one another to write about her aims, her customs and her people. The London Radical press has taken the country under its special protection, and international law professors have been delivered of a manifesto on the constitutional aspect of the Tsar's wickedness. Miss Travers and Mr. Renwick add to the tale. "Finland To-day" is frankly a guide-book, packed with facts, and in the fashion of modern journalism peppered with alliterative adjectives. The country and the people—that is, so much as the author saw of them—are pleasantly and competently described. Mr. Renwick should have stopped there, for his fulsome adulation of their beginnings in art and literature are such as only a fortnight's culture party could swallow. Both these books have far too much political bias to be of any value to the independent inquirer. Not to drop a tear over the political extinction of a race is almost impossible. Like many an older civilisation, theirs is suffering from a strong overdose of modern education. Crude theories, imperfectly examined, run riot in the brains of their political leaders, with the unfortunate result that mental indigestion is all too evident in the wild-cat Socialism they are trying to write on their Statute Book. The other side of the question is that Russia cannot afford to stand idly by while anarchy is preached within a few hours' journey of her capital. Many friends of Finland sincerely regret the extremes to which her quarrelling politicians have gone. Saner counsels and slower methods might have proved a surer buffer against aggression. Some years ago interfering English Radicalism set Greece at Turkey with dire results; to-day it seems as if Finland will be equally unfortunate in these truculent advocates.

Miss Travers writes with all the courteous feeling of a guest who has been made much of, and whose gratitude too often blinds her judgment. But why in the form of stilted letters to imaginary friends at home? Simple narrative is much the better medium. Her picture—unintentionally, we fully believe—is not altogether pleasing. The mind and aim of the Finnish politician seem essentially bourgeois and materialistic. Religion, if it ever had any force, is utterly spent. The cant of reason is the vogue. There is much talk, often clever of its kind, but how futile! Few of the Finnish politicians seem to realise that force is what they have to fight; and united only in abuse of Russia, they fall out bitterly among themselves. In any event the logic of the constitutional historian will not help them against the Russian machine. The Tsar's Ministers have done with talk, and unless Finland is prepared to fight submission is her only alternative. The annexation of the two Viborg communes nearest the Russian border is a sign of the times. Passive resistance is a poor weapon against active force.

So much nonsense has been written about Finnish art that one welcomes the keen and thoughtful criticism of an observer like Miss Travers, who, though predisposed to praise, can find nothing but smooth "prettiness" in the pseudo-classicism of Runeberg's sculpture, and hard flatness in most of the Finnish painters. The buildings of Finland are still cruder than its pictures. We admire the cool assurance of Mr. Renwick, but then he is writing only a guide-book, and adjectives are allowable. In a Finnish gallery he finds that "a people's art can be followed from its early crudeness through its dawning beauty to its zenith". But even to him Finnish buildings have "a freakish shape". Of course the trouble is a kind of "All for Finland" craze which hungers after a national school in everything. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in either of these books is Miss Travers' description of a Finnish country house, its people, its ways, and the life of it. She simply records impressions, and happily forgets to moralise. What most impresses the stranger in a Finnish gathering is the heavy solemnity of the women, their hopeless untidiness in dress, and their contempt for femininity. Yet the parlour of a Nonconformist mayor could not be more dull and decorous than most of the parties described by Miss Travers. What a pity the Finns cannot abide the Swedes, for any culture they have has risen from the Swedish leaven. We sympathise with Celia, Miss Travers' pretty Irish travelling companion. She was often bored (quite politely, it is true), and we rather suspect that the final escapade which led to the police asking the two ladies to leave the country must have been something of a relief to one, though, woman-like, her soul revolted at the indignity.

From the sporting side there is little new to tell; and neither author helps. No better salmon, trout, or—especially—grayling waters exist, and for certain bird and lesser great game shooting the country is unequalled. But sportsmen have known all this for years. Happily sport in Finland is still inexpensive and not difficult to come by, though a local guide is a great saver of time and temper, and for shooting essential. The inland Finns are well disposed to strangers, stolid and quiet, transparently simple and honest. Beyond sport, peace and quiet Finland has little to offer the stranger. Long may she be free from the professional tourist!

A FROCK-COATED FIREBRAND.

"The Record of an Adventurous Life." By H. M. Hyndman. London: Macmillan. 1911. 15s. net.

THIS chatty and amusing account of adventures in Australia, America, and London will be a revelation to those who only know Mr. Hyndman by reputation. Most people, we imagine, picture Mr. Hyndman as a conspirator in back parlours off Leicester Square, or as a seedily clad spouter in the parks. It appears that Mr. Hyndman was born in the eminently respectable neighbourhood of Hyde Park Square of wealthy

commercial parents. He tells us more than once that he was in the habit of wearing a frock-coat and silk hat, and so we imagine he rather enjoyed shocking his friends in the West End by his opinions, and his friends in the East End by his apparel—surely a very harmless foible. And in truth Mr. Hyndman's whole life has been harmless; and he laughs at his own wasted career so pleasantly that one realises what a good fellow he must be. There are plenty of stories and vivid descriptions in this book, which is well worth reading, with an occasional grain of salt. Of course Mr. Hyndman has a dose of that vanity without which no man could devote his life to agitation; and he is not over-scrupulous about repeating private conversations, which took place a long time ago, and are therefore probably inaccurate. There is a very good Oscar Wilde story, which was new to us, and which we will transcribe. Sir Lewis Morris was complaining to Wilde about the neglect of his poems by the press. "It is a complete conspiracy of silence against me, a conspiracy of silence. What ought I to do, Oscar?" "Join it", replied Wilde. There is a description of an interview which he had with Lord Beaconsfield in Curzon Street a few weeks before the statesman's death, which is a clever piece of word-painting, but too long to quote. There is much about Mazzini and Stepniak and other foreign revolutionaries. But these terrible persons always live in frowsy suburban lodgings and talk twaddle in broken English, so that we cannot get up any interest in them. The starting of the Social Democratic Federation and its organ, "Justice", is interesting in a way. Mr. Hyndman certainly hates and despises Mr. John Burns with Johnsonian heartiness, and if an account of a speech on the Embankment is accurate Mr. Winston Churchill is not the only member of the Government who deals in "terminological inexactitudes". We confess to sharing Mr. Hyndman's opinion that "Honest Jack" has been overpaid for his services to his country, and we are sure that the latter-day adulation of him by the Tories is contemptible. According to Mr. Hyndman the Conservative party has made definite and substantial attempts to seduce him from the people's cause. At least that is the only interpretation we can put on the account of a conversation with Lady Dorothy Nevill, who said (p. 385): "We believe you to be honest in what you are doing, because we have offered you all a man can hope to get in this country, and you have not chosen to take it. But you will never succeed, at any rate in your own lifetime. We have had an excellent innings, I don't deny that for a moment; an excellent innings, and the turn of the people will come some day. But not yet, not yet. You will educate some of the working-class, that is all you can hope to do for them. And when you have educated them, we shall buy them, or, if we don't, the Liberals will, and that will be just the same for you." Mr. Hyndman admits the profound wisdom of her ladyship's remarks, which really coincided with the advice given to him by a friendly foreign diplomatist to join the Tories, or, if he could not do that, to devote his time to improving the breed of pigs. Might not the same advice be addressed to all socialist agitators, writing, for Tories, the party in power?

SUB DIO.

"Outdoor Life in Greek and Roman Poets." By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. London: Macmillan. 1911. 6s. net.

THE Countess Cesaresco, though her reading in the classics is wide, does not give us heavy and learned books, biblia a-biblia, but those pleasant short volumes which may make an intelligent reader happy on a wet day or a winter afternoon. But her books could not be as pleasant as they are if they were not founded on substantial knowledge. This quality has been conspicuous in her studies of modern Italy, and we find it again in the book before us, in which a number

of entertaining facts and stories of outdoor life in ancient Greece and Italy are sympathetically enlivened by constant reference to the Mediterranean life of to-day. Her chapters were originally articles in the "Contemporary Review", and it is not everyone who can make a real book out of such material. The late Gaston Boissier succeeded more than once in this, and the Countess, with a scheme before her from the beginning, as she tells us in her preface, has in great measure succeeded too. The book is put together with art and enthusiasm.

"Out-of-dooriness" is a leading feature of ancient life in Greece and Italy, and one of which we northerners need to be continually reminded. Life in the Mediterranean basin was and is mainly a life in the open, and Mediterranean literature has always been fragrant with fresh air. The same, we may note by the way, is the case with the music of the south, where centuries of Italian song and folk-tune, full of breezy freshness, have not been without a secret influence even on the somewhat austere indoor composers of northern Germany. From Homer downwards almost all the life is in the open; Herodotus, the most breezy of all writers of history (of whom, by the way, there is nothing said in this book), meant his stories to be recited in the open air. So, too, with the Athenian play-writers. As we pass from the eastern peninsula to the western, we perhaps feel this less, for life in great cities has gained on life in the country by the time of the bloom of Roman literature; the work of Lucretius and Virgil seems to us more like an indoor occupation, for it is largely the result of the reading of Greek books. Yet all the best Roman poets, especially when they are at their best, are redolent of the out-door southern air, and all loved to escape from crowded cities. Even to the very end this is so; Claudian and Ausonius are like the rest in this.

Though this book is in the main true to its title, there are one or two happily chosen scenes of what we may call indoor life which must be mentioned here. Hesiod's winter reminds us that life could be uncomfortable even in Greece. "Only indoors the young daughter of the house does not shiver; her mother keeps her in lest her hands should get chapped. She remains fair and calm and tenderly cared for while all the world is wild without!" The story of the wife of Ischomachus, taken not from a poet, but from the matter-of-fact "Economicus" of Xenophon, gives us a wonderful picture of the life and duties of a wife under her own roof. Ischomachus married his wife when she was fifteen, and in training her in her duties learnt to love her. The best illustration of this (p. 51) must be quoted as a specimen of the good things this volume contains.

"There is one thing", said Ischomachus, "which perhaps you will not think very pleasant; it is, that when one of your slaves is ill, you ought to look after him yourself and do all you can for his recovery." "Ah", she cries, "there is nothing that I shall like to do more than this; they will love me for it". This drew from the husband "the most beautiful little speech that any husband ever made to any wife". "But the sweetest reward will be when, having become more perfect than I, you have made me your servant; when as youth and beauty pass, you will not fear to lose your influence, because in growing old you will become a still better companion to me, a better helper to your children, a more honoured mistress of your home."

But we must return to out-of-door life, and to the Italy in which the Countess is more truly at home than in Greece. More than two-thirds of the book are devoted to Italy, and no sooner do we reach the first Italian chapter than we feel the ship moving more buoyantly. One whose home is in Italy, who knows and loves all things Italian, can write of Roman poets in a way that will be refreshing to those who know them only as schoolbooks or as matter for learned discourse. We feel as we read these pages, with their constant happy references to modern life, that "the history of Rome" is not yet over, and that Italian history is continuous. Here is an interesting specimen of the power

of sympathetic realisation which is one of the charms of the book. Our author is speaking of Symmachus, the friend of the fourth-century poet Ausonius, and notes how he speaks of pure air and leisure for reading as the greatest attractions of a country life, but took care to carry his books to the loveliest places in the world. Symmachus reminds her of the late Sir A. C. Lyall, who "had a shade of that antique melancholy which sprang from a conviction of the worth of this fleeting life, not from discontent with it. He was the only man I ever knew who gave me the idea that he would have been entirely at home in the Roman world".

In dealing with the earlier Roman poets the Countess Cesaresco is occasionally very happy. Of Lucretius she says that "he would have excluded emotion from the universe, but he could not keep it out of his own heart—a heart full of human kindness, sensitive affections, power of sympathy". Of Catullus' poem to Sirmio she says that "two thousand years are annihilated by Catullus' beautiful lines; they have the eternal novelty of Nature herself". A transition to Virgil is made by a chapter on "a prose source of the Georgics", which is longer but not better than some others, and too sketchy for the solid Varro. So, too, the chapter on Virgil, though sympathetic, and in the main just—for his religious side is emphasised—yet is not quite of the best. On one point, however, justice is done him; he knew his own nightingales of Mantua better than the modern critic (p. 129). The present writer once did the poet an injustice, also in connexion with the nightingale, and did penance for it in the pages of the "Classical Review"; for he found a nightingale doing exactly

(Continued on page 590.)

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what Virgil had ascribed to it—wrongly, as in his ignorance he fancied.

Then we come to the lesser poets. Of Propertius there is nothing here, but the short chapter on Tibullus at his farm is a charming introduction to that gentle poet, who loved the country with a not less genuine love than Virgil, though with a mind of smaller compass. To our surprise, our author is evidently fond of Ovid, and especially of his "Metamorphoses"; and probably this is just because, unlike most of us, she lives in a Mediterranean atmosphere. Ovid, she says, was always putting himself into the place of plants and animals, and "thinking how one would think in their position". She appeals to his poem of the Walnut-tree, and it will not be amiss to read this old favourite once more, and see whether Ovid's consummate neatness has misled us as to his genuine feeling for inanimate nature. Of Horace she says little, but is rightly convinced that no amount of life at his Sabine farm could make him anything but a man about town. He thoroughly realised the charm of his homestead, the beauty of his spring, the delight of drinking his home-made wine, but the pleasure was not inbred—it was that of a tired citizen.

Of the remaining chapters, the first, "Transformation"—the change from the religion of rural life (paganism in the literal sense of the word)—might well be expanded into a volume as large as this one. The next, the divine pastoral, is the weakest in the book, and the scholar at least may with advantage skip it; the fourth Eclogue is not to be handled lightly. "Puer parvulus," is a brief study of the religion of the modern Italian peasant, and especially of Italian children, with a charming account of a Christmas play in a Piedmontese valley. But enough has been said to show that there is much enjoyment to be had from this book, and that the spirit of Mediterranean life is to be found in it. There are a few misprints of no great importance; and would it not have been better to adopt another word for the six or seven hundred "volumes" of prose and verse with which the learned Varro is credited?

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

It is a coincidence that both the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly" should have articles on Gambetta—the "Edinburgh" an extremely useful essay dealing with Gambetta's War Office and the extraordinary efforts made by the people to conduct military operations in the provinces after the investment of the capital and the consequent isolation of the central authorities; the "Quarterly" a very able and searching article by the Abbé Dimnet on "The Real Gambetta". The Abbé seeks the real Gambetta in his relations with Bismarck, and takes what seems to us the strictly judicial line, neither idealising him, as M. Galli does, nor regarding him as a traitor. "It is clear that only political antagonism can see collusion and treason in the Donnersmarck documents and the dealings recorded by Madame Adam." Gambetta's patriotic ideal of recovering the lost provinces may never have been abandoned, but it is, says the Abbé, certainly unfortunate for his memory that "while trying to deceive Bismarck he did all the time unsuspectingly what the Chancellor wanted him to do. Gambetta contributed to establish the colonial, anti-clerical, ultra-pacific, but internally divided Republic, which Bismarck longed to see strike roots in France". The difference between the two men is, as the Abbé puts it, the difference between the statesman and the politician however eloquent. The "Edinburgh" has articles on "Fogazzaro and Modernism", Mr. Holland's "Life of the Duke of Devonshire", and the crisis in the history of the Republican party in America, for which it holds Mr. Taft's tariff and reciprocity policy largely responsible. The "Quarterly" reviews the ten years of the Australian Commonwealth, has an article by Mr. Percy F. Martin on British diplomacy and trade, in which charges of bad faith in dealing with South America are formulated against the United States, and an account of submarines, defensive and offensive, a war engine against which, says the writer, no adequate means of defence has so far been discovered.

The "Quarterly" has no purely political contribution: it reviews some of the changes in the Insurance Bill, indicates some of the difficulties yet to be faced, and wants to know how the Third Reading can possibly be taken before Christmas. A long and weighty article on the recent strikes finds one

of the most important causes of the trouble in the changed attitude of the rank and file towards the Trade Unions. Collective bargaining between masters and men is becoming impossible owing to insubordination, and the idea of the general strike is taking the place of particular disputes. Syndicalism is asserting itself, and, opposed essentially though it be to the aims of Socialism, is encouraged by the Labour Socialists who have captured the Trade Unions. The "Quarterly" tries not to take an alarmist view, but emphasises the seriousness of the outlook if the relations of Capital and Labour as they existed under the old Trade Union régime are to disappear. It does not believe that the Australian system of arbitration can be applied in England, and sees hope only in return to collective bargaining. The "Edinburgh", dissatisfied with things as they, builds hopes that Mr. Asquith will not suffer his Ministry to be "mere clay" in the hands either of Labour men or Irish Nationalists, as though Mr. Asquith's record were not an assurance that he will do that very thing. The "Edinburgh" is becoming anxious lest the Parliament Act, payment of members, and the abolition of plural voting should satisfy the Radicals on the question of Constitutional reform. That would please the Caucus politician, but again the Review looks for better things from Mr. Asquith. As to Home Rule, it reminds the House of Commons that it has no mandate—a view which is certainly correct, but which neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Redmond shares.

The "Oxford and Cambridge Review" contains several interesting articles. Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. Alan H. Burgoyne, Mr. George Goyan are among those who write. But the most important article is contributed by Mr. F. E. Smith on Unionist prospects. The article is cheerful in its conclusions. In the earlier paragraphs it is a brilliant sketch of the political events before and after the election of 1906 which have placed the Unionist party in its present position. As for the future, Tariff Reform, Social Reform, and continuous criticism directed against those portions of the Radical programme which are not popular in the country (licensing, Home Rule, disestablishment) must in time, if bravely and consistently urged, break down the credit of the Government with the electors. Already there is a Protectionist majority in the House of Commons, and the Government cannot play the Budget policy for an indefinite time.

For this Week's Books see pages 592 and 594.

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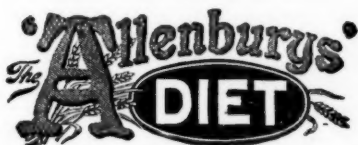
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The Report and Accounts were posted to registered Shareholders on Saturday evening, 28 October, and the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held on Tuesday, 7 November, at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, London, E.C., at noon.

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(Continued on page 594.)

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH. A Chronicle of the Noteworthy Publications of October. With a Reviewing Commentary.
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SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 4 NOVEMBER, 1911.

MINOR THACKERAY.

"The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray."
London: Macmillan. 1911. 10s. 6d. per vol.

SINCE so many of the works whose titles are most intimately coupled with Thackeray's genius have graced the earlier volumes of this luxurious edition, it was inevitable that one should find in those that followed much which the author would have regarded with no delusion as to its worth. Completeness is doubtless the virtue of a complete collection, yet it seems a pity that the kindness which proclaims that nothing not good shall be remembered about the dead cannot be extended to include the books that he has written. There is in genius some aseptic quality which ensures immortality, a real living immortality, for the great things it has made; and it does not add to the creator's fame that we should use that immortality to preserve, as it were, in a kind of cold storage, work which could never by its own sweetness have survived the natural process of decay. There is much perforce of that character in these later volumes, much that, however obviously it may be "signed all over", is representative only of those frailties by which Thackeray's ability was so seriously beset, which is little likely to be disinterred by any but those who hold, as time goes on, their solemn post-mortems on bygone repute.

Thackeray's habits, and the fame with which he lived, have especially exposed him to the assiduity of the collector. No man ever wielded a reader pen, it was ever at the service of his most trivial ideas; he took indeed his gift with, from one point of view, an admirable lack of seriousness, and was never troubled by forebodings in his engagements with the ephemeral. He was, moreover, for years a professional humorist, and eager spirits have traced back to its often unhappy origin every slot of his pen. The volume containing the Ballads and Verses and miscellaneous contributions to "Punch", suffers most from such assiduity.

Thackeray wrote a great deal of verse—it was easy to him as breathing—but he wrote very little indeed that was worth preserving, and his verses have for the most part that pervasive air of their age which is so trenchant a criticism. The contributions to "Punch" have suffered even more than the verses by the years that have gone over them. It was an age of very easy humour; men lived joyously and laughed without stint; that they laughed also with but little discrimination is evidenced by this exposition of Thackeray's power to amuse. It might show, perhaps, as not below the average humour of his contemporaries, but it is decidedly drearier than the average page of "Punch". If our grandfathers had not lived so freely, we might still be able to laugh at the quips which convulsed them; they have but themselves to thank if the acid in our blood makes us critical of their hilarity. No considerations of the kind, however, affect our estimate of other works in these six volumes. "Love the Widower", which was the extension into a story of a little play, "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing", that Thackeray had written for his friends, was, indeed, acclaimed with indiscriminating plaudits on its appearance amid the opening glories of the "Cornhill"; but it was only a rearrangement of the old matter, with no freshness of outlook or novelty of manner. The poverty of the author's invention was but too plainly exposed in this repetition of a theme which he had ridden so hard already. Nor was "The Adventures of Philip", which, with "A Shabby Genteel Story", fills another volume, any worthier of its creator, who was under no illusion as to its worth. "I can repeat old things in a pleasant way, but I have nothing fresh to say", he declared about it. Its construction is devised upon an ampler scheme, but, like the reflection of some figure, enormously enlarged upon the mountain mist, its largeness lacks solidity, it is vague, impotent, unsubstantial.

The story gets itself told with a depressing laboriousness, there is a bored formality about the mechanism, reminiscent of a stage piece after a long run, and it is with a feeling of relief that one once more accompanies the old Pendennis motive to its conclusion.

Yet that Thackeray was by no means "used up" in 1862 here is "Denis Duval" to witness. The mental paralysis, which clung with such pathetic desperation to the worn theme, seems dissolved entirely: there is a new vigour, a fresh sense of atmosphere, an energy of adventure; and, controlling all, as so seldom was the case with Thackeray, a determination to tell the story in his own way and not to succumb to the attractive waywardness of his characters. It was, perhaps, once more the appeal to history that saved him, as it had in "Esmond", from the befogging sentimentality of himself. His own period overpowered him, because in so many exasperating directions he was completely its representative. But, escaped into another century, he could conceive a perspective which seemed veiled to him in his own. In its depth of feeling, clear-sighted determination, action, sense of character, and what Charles Dickens called "a certain loving picturesqueness", "Denis Duval" appeared likely to surpass the best things that he had done.

"The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century", which, with "The Four Georges", occupies another volume, recalls a further phase of Thackeray's versatility, and an enterprise to which in all likelihood he sacrificed, under the strain of lecturing, much of his vitality and perhaps some years of his life. The value of the essays as criticism and as literature is of a varied quality. Thackeray was always too much of the teacher, and too continuously his own personality's partisan, to be wholly trusted either as a critic or as an historian. He could not rid himself of prejudice against Swift and Steele, nor even, for all his shrewdness of perception, against Congreve, nor did his view of Pope, though for another reason, come nearer to the original. Yet the lectures have a pretty style, neither literary nor oratorical, clear, cleverly adjusted, varied; yet with no parade of its methods and excellences, admirably suited for the easily baffled intelligence of a public audience. They demonstrate their author's cleverness even where his interest was not engaged, but throw an unfavourable light on the impartiality of his judgment and on his literary acumen.

In "The Four Georges" he harnessed the Muse of History to his own methods, and drove her so deftly that one can witness such a usage without sense of affront. He urged, indeed, that he was indebted not to the Historic Muse, "but to her ladyship's attendant, tale-bearer, valet de chambre, for whom no man is a hero"; and such an assistant was excellently adapted for that outlook on the past, which most appealed to him; the fashions of Bath seemed, at that distance, a more lively issue than the American Rebellion.

The "Roundabout Papers" may fitly conclude the list, seeing how close they came to the conclusion of their author likewise. They show him at his best. Mellow, genial, mature, persuasively egoistic; he was as an essayist all that he should not have been as a romancer, since he could commendably give the rein to that desire for didactic diffusion which, as a novelist, he was so fatally impotent to curb.

Mr. Harry Furniss' illustrations to the edition continue to be generously provided, but the comparison occasionally instituted between these and those devised by Thackeray has not always been judicious; for where the less apt draughtsman did suggest character, the abler not infrequently drifts into caricature.

THE AMERICAN QUAKERS.

"The Quakers in the American Colonies." By Rufus M. Jones. London: Macmillan. 1911. 12s. net.

THIS is a book which should soon rank as the standard work on the subject. But good as it is, it would have been better written throughout by the same hand. For neither Miss Gummere nor Mr.

Sharpless equals Mr. Jones as an historian. Not only are his psychology and political insight true, but he has a fine sense of spiritual values and a command of English which enables him to make the inner beauty of Quakerism live. The perspective of his historical picture, too, is correct, because he sees England and his own country without prejudice. The Introduction, in particular, is a notable piece of imaginative analysis, and scattered through the minutely detailed annals of the Quakers in New England, New York, and the South are many illuminative passages. In the story of Pennsylvania and New Jersey there is a distinct "break of gauge". The fault is partly with the subject, since in the Colonies where the Quakers had, practically, a free hand their limitations were most marked. That is why one would have preferred that Mr. Jones had written the history of Pennsylvania instead of Mr. Sharpless.

The matter in the book is the result of patient and well-directed research. Moreover, it is arranged so as to reveal every phase of Quakerism in due proportion. Hence the strength and weakness of the movement stand out in clear relief. The one lay in a denial that mental and spiritual life are to be found in forms, the other in a denial that such forms might be needful to stability. The Quakers could not emancipate themselves from the idea of their time that the universe was dualistic. To them man, in co-operation with God, was a passive instrument instead of "an autonomous personality". The human element in his spiritual activities they therefore "discounted and almost eliminated in order to heighten the Divine". It is here that one must look for their failure to win a commanding place in American history. They were an influence, and a high one, but never dominating. Had persecution continued, their world-vision, which Mr. Jones so vividly contrasts with the narrow fanaticism of the Puritans, might have widened into a perception of the organic oneness of the universe. But with the spread of toleration in the Plantations they ceased to labour for the enlightenment of humanity, narrowing their ideal to the formation of "a peculiar people". Only when it was too late did they realise the value of institutions for teaching "everything civil and useful in creation", which George Fox advised them to found. Their intellectual poverty reacted on their spiritual vision.

That Quakerism wanted elements to harmonise with the political life of the community is clear from the history of the Indian and negro in America. On both questions they held strong views, and, in practice, set a high example. But they could not see that justice and humanity would not of themselves determine the relations between the white man and an inferior race. Even Penn's modified Quakerism never included a constructive native policy. It did, indeed, shed a few bright gleams on the dark story of American dealings with the Indian, but nothing more. It was not in Pennsylvania that the New World was given a lesson how the Indian should be treated, but in Canada. In the same way the stand made by the Friends on slavery at their own personal sacrifice left no impression on it as an institution. It was war which put an end to that, the agent of all others they abhorred. The truth is their principles unfitted them for dealing with great national issues or for guiding the State in stormy times. Otherwise they might have exerted a moderating influence on New England great enough to avert the Revolution, in the period immediately preceding which their attitude was admirable. They desired self-government as keenly as the Puritan, and did much to widen the Colonial conception of it. But they were opposed to a break with the Mother Country. Not having worked to any definite end, however, they were borne along by the tide of revolution in spite of themselves.

What they should have done was to promote the federation of the Plantations, which as a unit could have resisted any arbitrary policy of the Home Government without war. That in their circumstances should have taken the form of a defensive union. But any combination in defence was never realised, and

one wonders how much the passive resistance of the Quakers had to do with it. "Their devotion to the principle that gave birth to the American nation and on which its political life rests to-day" would have come to nothing only for the dynamic force of Puritanism and ability to use the civil power as its instrument. A creed which can neither alter conditions nor adapt itself to them in times of stress imposes on its adherents a line of conduct that is sometimes akin to hypocrisy. It was true of the Quakers when they were an influence in American political life, it is true of the Quakers who influence English public life to-day.

To the spiritual beauty of the Friends when they were a living force in the religious evolution of the Plantations Mr. Jones does full justice. In their fervour and the heroism with which they bore persecution they alone of the British in America approach the high level of the Jesuits in Canada. If these produced martyrs, they produced saints. But America is not seemingly fertile soil for great causes or great men. Most of the men and women who stand out in the history of the movement were English or West Indian, and this after Quakerism was firmly established for generations. The very fact that John Woolman "was the best known American-born Quaker of Colonial times" is a proof that the sect received no fresh strength from the seed sown in the New World. The part Barbados played in American Quakerism is, indeed, a curious sidelight on history. In this connexion one may recall, too, that it was neither a Friend nor a Puritan that harmonised the diverse elements in American political life with English ideas in constructive statesmanship, but a Scottish West Indian, Alexander Hamilton.

CANON HORSLEY'S REMINISCENCES.

"I Remember." By John William Horsley. London Wells Gardner. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

WHEN the Oxford Movement stepped down from cloister and common-room into the crowded ways of men, it bred in thousands the modern town-priest, sometimes an ascetic and mediævalist, more often a busy reformer. Canon Horsley has been for forty years a type of the latter class—gaol chaplain, rector, councillor, mayor, grand-chaplain of English freemasonry, poet, naturalist, athlete, chairman of a dozen things and president of as many more. It may occasion surprise that a go-ahead progressive so little inclined to keep inside his own shell should be president of the Conchological Society and a primary authority on snails. One kind of snail, however, has 39,000 teeth, and Canon Horsley, as a fighting man, has often shown his. "Your name, sir", said the Woolwich operatives in a farewell address, "has been a terror to slum-owners, rack-renters, and other exploiters of the poorest and most defenceless class". He records rather too many trumpet-blowing testimonials of this kind—one of them compares the landlords to Ahab and the Liberal parson to Elijah. The fallentis semita vitæ is not Canon Horsley's, and his errors of taste are sometimes inexcusable. What, for example, but vanity can account for the reprinting (from the "Star") of his denunciation of King Edward before a Lords' Committee for betting? On another page he speaks of "Edward the Peacemaker, the royal and loyal representative of Englishmen".

Canon Horsley is a man of whom a memoir ought some day to be written, but we cannot see that there was much call for these rather egotistical and trivial recollections. He is a good joker. At the last election but two to the Mastership of his College (Pembroke, Oxford), when Evan Evans and "Bat" Price were in the running, Horsley wrote the witty lines ending—"We won't have Evans at any price, And as for Price, O 'Eavens!" But the good things in this volume are far between. One relates to the Cambridge days of his brothers Quartus and Quintus,

twins so much alike that the Dean of Corpus declared that, as he could not distinguish them apart, they must keep so many chapels between them. We should like to have had more reminiscences of his prison career. Peace, the burglar-assassin, said a striking thing to him once: that if the clergy really believed in their message they would crawl over broken bottles to preach it. A Jew, given a Christian Bible to take oath on, protested it was of no consequence, as he only kissed his side of it. Most people do that, suggests the narrator. One Christmas Day Horsley preached to the sole occupant of Newgate, who was waiting to be hanged for wife-murder. He does not believe the common statement of ticket-of-leave men that they have lost situations through being hounded down by the police, deprecates the tendency to call criminals insane, objects to their being released, on short sentences, to prey upon society—he founded in 1881 the SS. Paul and Silas Guild—and quotes Sir R. Anderson's dictum that half of those in prison ought not to be there, and the other half ought not to be let out. Crime, Mr. Horsley holds, is condensed beer and extract of slum. It is curious that Liberals hold all badness to be from without a man, and all goodness from within him. It is the style, they hold, which first fouls the pig, not the pig the sty. Also, in blaming our competitive industrial system for everything, they forget that it was Liberalism which substituted that system for human relations—denounced as "feudal"—between employer and employed. Slum landlords are, on the whole, obstructive and selfish, but who created them? Again, Canon Horsley complains that he had never a word of sympathy either from neighbouring dissenting ministers or from his brother clergy, except one, and hints at Church and Chapel having vested interests in pub. and purlieu. Is not this cheap?

Canon Horsley has seen many of the gaol and housing reforms which he advocated carried out. In talking about the barbarity of the pre-Victorian penal code—in 1820 sentence of death was passed on 1236 persons in England, though only executed on 107—it should be remembered that all ancient penalty was in purse or person, there being no prisons in the modern sense. Canon Horsley once saw a man in the stocks. But there is a magistrate living—Canon Bankes of Salisbury—who has inflicted this sensible punishment. Mr. Horsley, as a boy under Mitchinson, at King's School, Canterbury—where Walter Pater was among his companions—remembers Archbishop Sumner's wig. The school, founded in the seventh century, is the oldest in England. Horsley, like all healthy lads, was a Tory, and decoyed a tipsy yellow voter into the blue voting-booth. His instinct, he declares, is still with that side, but, he says, it obstructs social reform. Surely, even if it were so, humanitarianism is not the whole of morals. Besides he is himself opposed to both the Poor Law Reports, whether Majority or Minority.

In recently taking leave of Walworth Canon Horsley described the transformation which had come over the Church life of S. Peter's during his incumbency. But pastoral visitation and open-air preaching no longer move the class most desired. He recalls the last epidemic of cholera, when he was a young man working in Shoreditch, with cases in the actual house. Charles Wood, now Lord Halifax, and Dr. Pusey came to help, and Miss Sellon's Sisterhood was invaluable. But there are worse evils than cholera, and it was when defending himself against a £10,000 claim for damages from the keeper of the notorious Argyle Rooms, Horsley having induced the magistrates to withdraw its licence, that he nonplussed Serjeant Parry. Asked menacingly, "How long have you been in the Church?" Horsley, who had been but a decade or so in Orders, replied, "Thirty-six years", and then explained to the big man that the Church is entered in infancy. For all that, to "go into the Church" is a very ancient expression, just as churchman used to mean ecclesiastic and a religious person meant a monk.

NOVELS.

"There was a Widow." By Mary E. Mann. London: Methuen. 1911. 6s.

Why is it that one is as much annoyed by altruism in a novel as by villainy in real life? When a penniless widow with a young family, alone at midnight with a rich paralysed kinsman, burns the will which is to provide for her children, because the moribund testator suddenly wishes to alter it while still leaving her a substantial legacy, we begin to devise half-a-dozen things that she might have done without loss of self-respect. Yet we do not sympathise with her worldly brother and his vulgar wife (although the destruction of the will, followed by the rich man's death, throws the widow on their hands), who denounce her as a lunatic. For Mrs. Mann kindles in her readers a very warm regard for poor Julia Delane, left destitute when her extravagant young husband died suddenly. The tragedy of middle-class poverty is made very real. How is a penniless doctor's widow in a small town, aided only by her brother, a struggling solicitor, to support herself and three children? She is utterly unbusinesslike and unpractical, has no training or knowledge, but is emphatically "nice" in her ideas. Of course, Mrs. Mann is too kindly not to act as fairy godmother in the end, and meanwhile she manages to introduce relief into the gloom of her thesis and to give us some more of her faithful and humorous studies of character.

"Willowford Woods." By R. Murray Gilchrist. London: Ward, Lock. 1911. 6s.

Mr. Gilchrist has written a harmless melodramatic story built upon the lines of a newspaper serial, wherein as we all know the chapter endings are adroitly devised to excite the reader's curiosity about what is going to happen in next week's instalment. So here one section leaves off with the self-appointed avenger ominously filling his revolver with cartridges; another ends just as "the lantern fell over with a crash and the place was in utter darkness", and a third brings the curtain down at the moment when "a loud, pitiful appeal for help came from the floor above". Having noted these characteristics, we are not surprised to learn that the young woman whose heart Vavasour broke—Vavasour, we need hardly say, is the villain—was before she died of it "abnormally secretive", a quality that gives the miscreant a run of a couple of hundred more pages—chiefly after the heroine. Forewarned thus and by analogous experiences in this domain of letters not even the thunderbolt from heaven that strikes the villain dead as the avenger's pistol covers him startles us overmuch. The sprinkling of ale-house scenes, in which a chorus of rustics comments at intervals on the doings of "the quality", is also quite in keeping with the best transpontine tradition.

"Hurdacott." By John Ayscough. London: Chatto and Windus. 1911. 6s.

It is not to be supposed because this story is concerned with the familiar theme of two men and a girl that the trio were just ordinary people. On the contrary, one is surprised to find three such exotic beings in the same English village. The mysterious youth Hurdacott, picked up on the downs as a baby one Christmas Eve by the shepherd from the Isle of Saints, was evidently a foreigner; Consuelo the girl was half Sicilian, whilst Basil's mother had been a Burmese. Thus we get at the start strong relief. The period is pointed by bringing in Hazlitt and Charles and Mary Lamb: we can think of no other reason, for they have nothing to do with the plot. The moral is that whoso loseth his life shall find it provided he has been first received into the Catholic fold—a consummation which the author manages to bring about in the case of all the three characters first mentioned. Mr. Ayscough always writes at a high level, but the closing catastrophe in this book is a little after the fashion of those Spanish crucifixes of painted wood whereon by a plentiful use of vermilion no detail of laceration is left unemphasised.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Masks and Minstrels of New Germany." By Perceval Pollard. London: Heinemann. 1911. 5s. net.

The title is, for English ears, misleading. Only those who are quite familiar with the development of the German theatre could guess in advance that the author intended to deal in this book with Wedekind and Hoffmansthal. Mr. Pollard traces the revival in German and Viennese drama from the days when Bierbaum and Hartleben began with "Ueberbrettl" to bring back art to the stage. What is Ueberbrettl? It cannot be translated; but it may be described. Die Bretter are the "boards"—that is simple enough. "Brettl" is the Viennese diminutive, not to be rendered in another tongue. They are the little boards. They are music-hall, café-chantant, vaudeville; but there is a homelier ring than any of these terms can give; as is proper to a form of light entertainment that came from the cabaret. Once clear about "Brettl", "Ueberbrettl" is simple enough. It is vaudeville of the politest and most artistic kind. The best example of "Ueberbrettl" in London at present is the entertainment given at the Apollo Theatre by Mr. Pellissier and his company. "Ueberbrettl", in Germany, was the beginning of better times for the theatre. Hauptmann, Wedekind, Schnitzler, and Hoffmansthal are the finest fruits of this revival. Of Mr. Pollard's chapters the best are on Wedekind and Schnitzler. It is difficult to give a taste of Schnitzler to readers who have not read "Anatol" or "Reigen". To Londoners who were wise enough to go, Mr. Granville Barker at the Little Theatre a few months ago gave some idea of the work of the Viennese "exquisite". Mr. Pollard knows his subject; but his judgment is not to be entirely trusted. For instance, he speaks too extravagantly of Hermann Bahr and of Ludwig Thoma. But the book will interest many who are as yet ignorant of plays and playwrights in the German tongue.

"Canada To-day and To-morrow." By Arthur E. Copping. London: Cassell. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

Yet another book on Canada! Canada in the last year or two, it might be thought, had claimed her full share of the peripatetic bookmaker's attention. We soon realise that there is room for Mr. Copping. Canada is so vast a country, her resources are even now so imperfectly understood; there has been so much misapprehension as to her northern and north-western territory, and her development in population and business has recently been so marked, that it is difficult for writers to keep pace with the new material and the new ideas which spring up like the wheat on a new field in Northern Alberta. The very destiny of Canada seems to have changed whilst Mr. Copping's book was in the press. He does not confine himself to the rich lands of the West on which the Americans have had their eye and which the Grand Trunk Pacific will open up. Cities and the prairie, forests, rivers, and mountains, with their stores of almost untapped wealth, all appeal to Mr. Copping, and he is moved again and again to a note of almost rapturous enthusiasm. He turns aside from beaten tracks, new or old, to describe a forester felling a giant Douglas fir, to give some account of the settlement of those curious folk the Dukhobors, to show Canada as he sees it. He makes few *ex parte* statements, but draws much of his material from special interviews or documents not easily available. And what he has to say only leaves us with the impression that there is so much more to be said. The Canada of to-day is a mere suggestion of what the Canada of to-morrow will be.

"South America To-day." By Georges Clemenceau. London: Unwin. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

M. Clemenceau's "Notes de Voyage"—a curious title in view of the statement in the preface that he took no notes and considers it annoying to record impressions "at the precise moment when one feels them most vividly"—was reviewed in the SATURDAY of 15 July. This translation appears under a name which conveys an idea that the book is something more than mere notes. M. Clemenceau's impressions in their English form will be welcomed by a public interested in South America which has not read them in the original.

"The Conservative and Unionist", issued by the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, is full of excellent campaign material, and we are glad to note that it drives home the truth as to the Canadian elections. Canada has given us "an example of Imperial sense". A full-page cartoon shows a Radical Free Trader with a very bad black eye bearing the word Canada; he is examining the disfigurement in a mirror and tries to comfort himself with "Oh! it's nothing—merely a scratch!"

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